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Bedroom & Smiles

WICKED WILES

the
LYNCH
mob

CRIMEA

CONFRONTATION

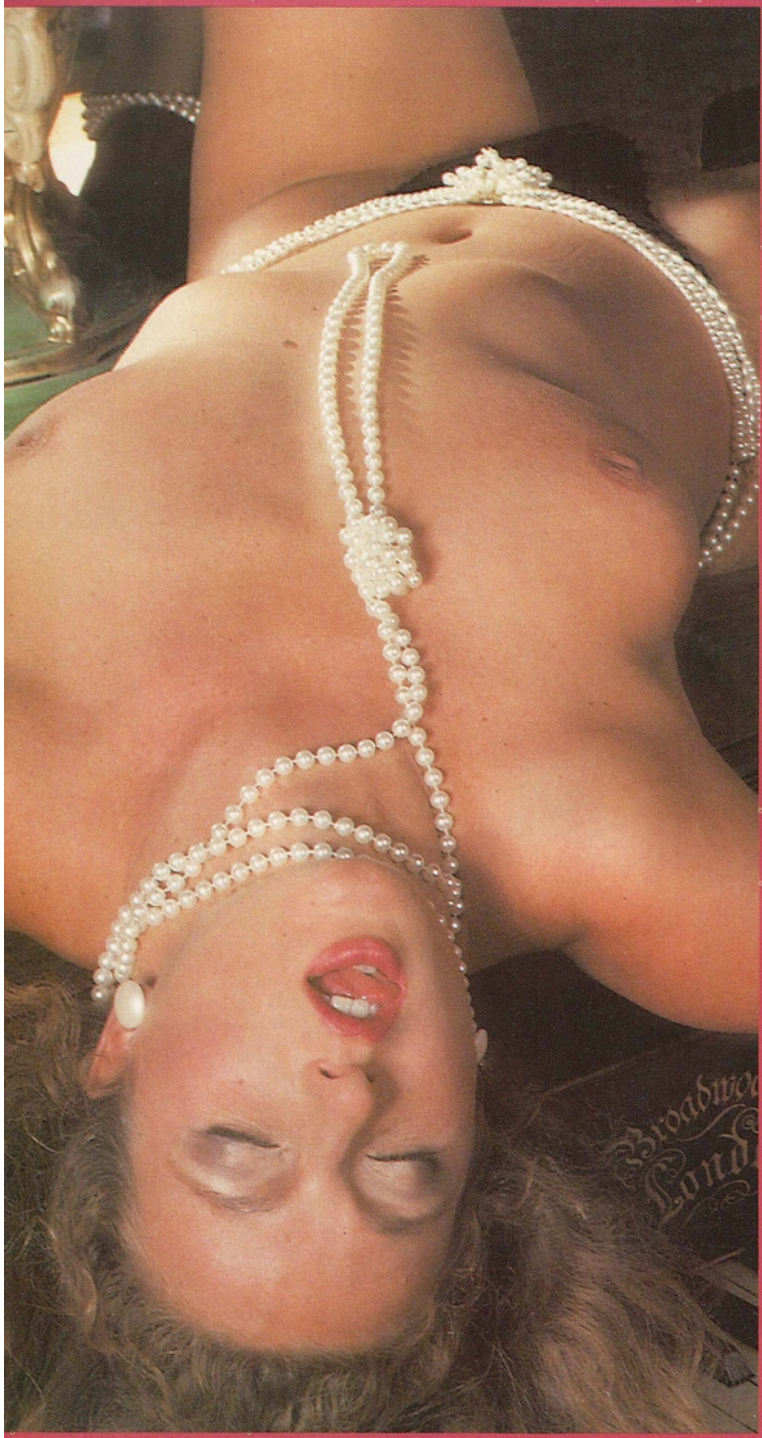


9 770265 128009



Carly





Guest Blurb Spot: in which our glorious leader and Editor In Chief talks fur . . .

This girl is a pussycat. I don't mean she's nice – though she is – I mean that her character is a touch on the feline side. She's apt to stray, off the beaten pages, mostly. Likes to slink up to you, rub herself close against you and purr, purractively. Loves to leap about the furniture, or up onto your newly polished Steinway. Be careful, because this cat scratches and might bite, too. And, like any pussy, she's most playful when she's on heat, and just loves being stroked . . .





Actually, the mysterious Bill Rampton, he who lurks downstairs, brought these photos of Gemma in for us. Y'see Bill's a bit of a poet on the quiet, and he reckons that this girl inspired his greatest work. He shuffled uneasily and produced a scruffy piece of paper from his pocket. He cleared his throat in a shy manner, and this is how his verse went:—

*Tiger tiger burning bright
Cor what a tasty sight
With her hair so dark
And tits all bare
Gemma's the one who sends me spare,
She gets me comin'
She gets me going
Gemma gets the old spermatazoa flowin'.*

Well readers, should we hit Bill with rolled up newspapers or what? Your votes count.





GERMINIA





PHOTOGRAPHED BY DANIEL MAYOR



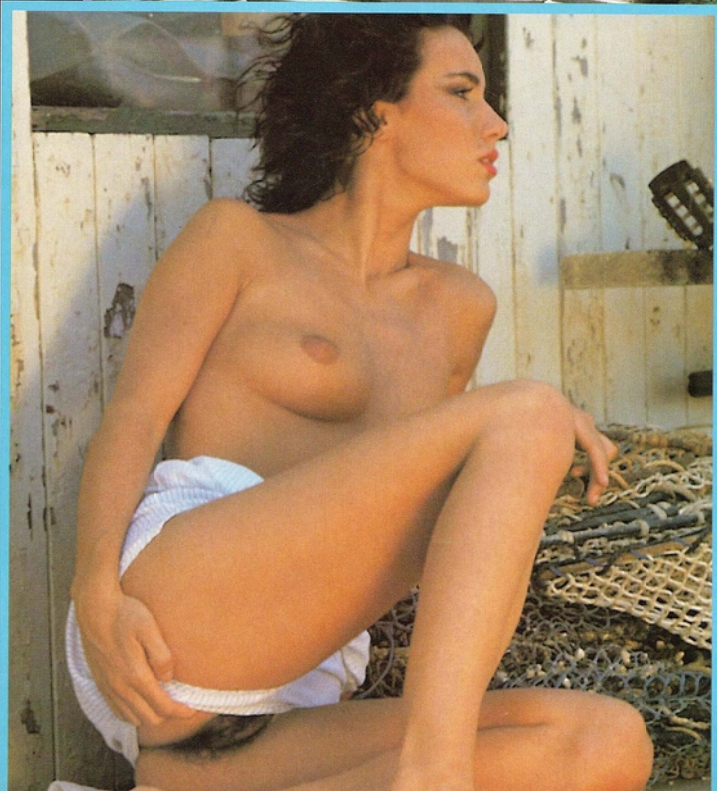
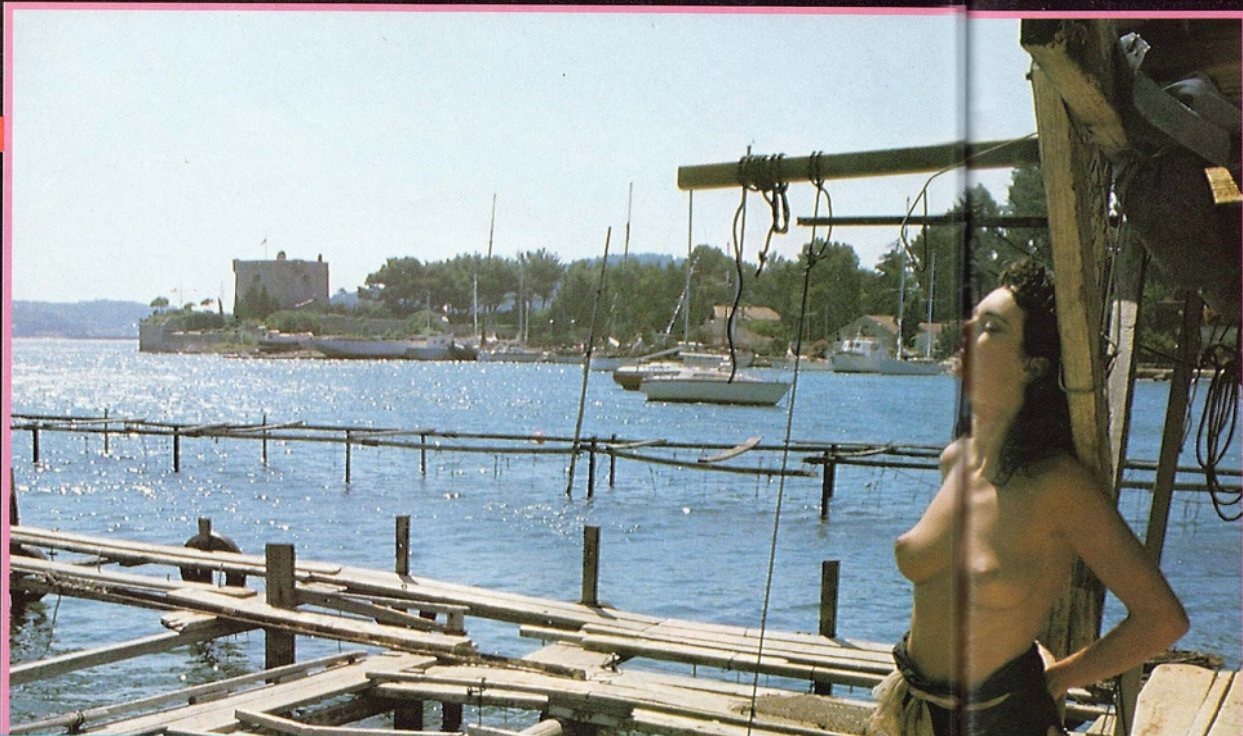
The Italian Job

Photographed by DEFRANCESCO DENYS

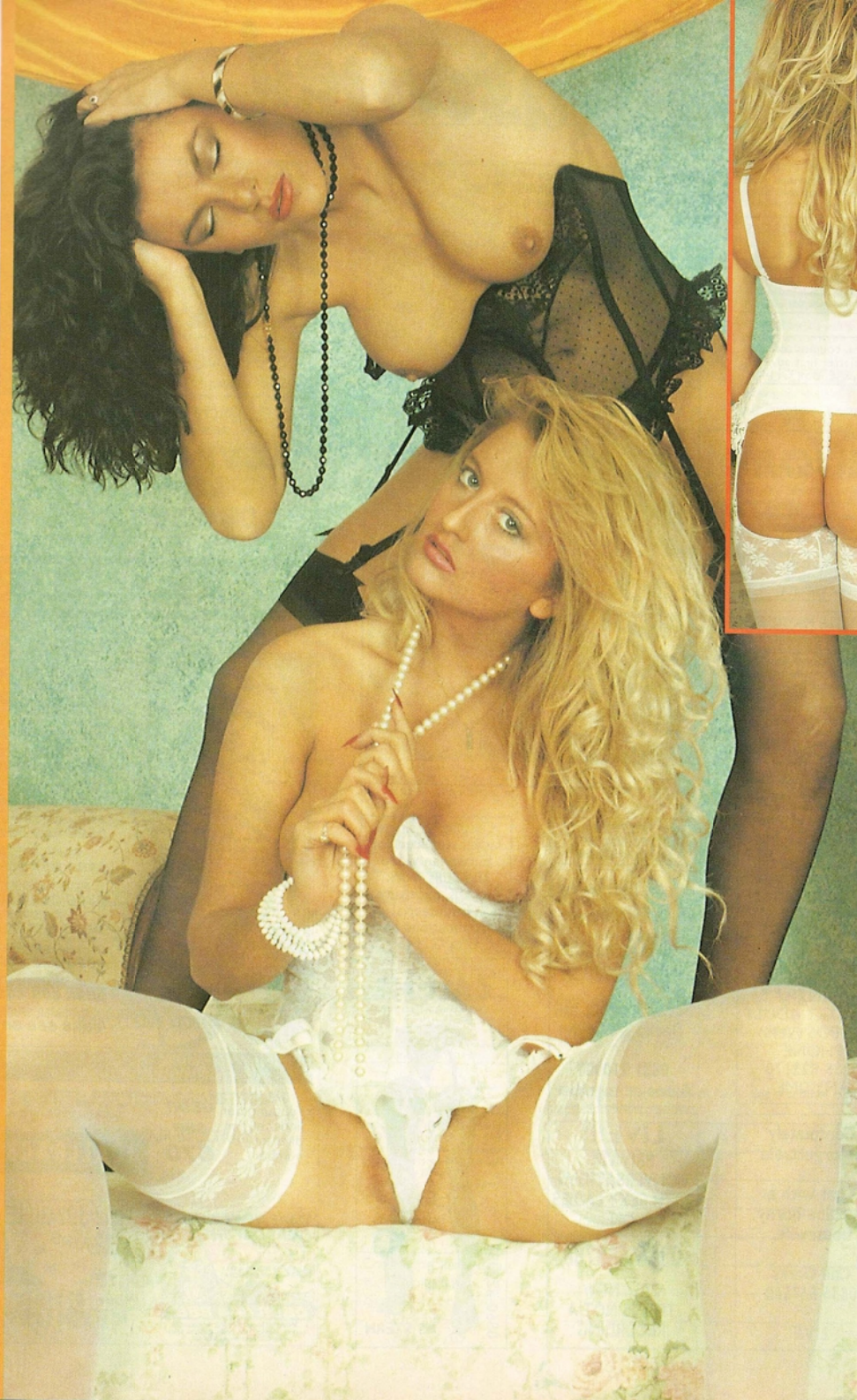


Where do you start describing a girl like Julia? At the top, or the bottom? Personally, I don't think it matters, provided you try to cover every square inch of flesh. Although what you decide to cover it in is your own business. In Julia's case it's some salty spray, fresh from the Adriatic. Unless of course, you know different...









Yes, our ever-ready assistant
Richard Hell has done it again,
guys. Feast your eyes upon this
new version of Jack & Jill inspired
by the works of John Hegley...

Jackie and Jill are here for a thrill
What a pair of corks
Jackie bent down
Off came her bra
Jill's came tumbling after.

Up Jackie got
Hot to trot
Panties down at a caper
They lay on the bed
We didn't look at their head(s)
And came all over the paper.



Jackie & Jill



Photographed by ALBERT HALL

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ALL MEASURES TAKEN WITH WAIST & HIPS
ALL MEASURES TAKEN WITH WAIST & HIPS

Sarah
KNAVE 





Hi folks, sometimes you can read people like a book. Take Sarah for instance. She's a real masterpiece. Lady Chatterly's Lover, Emmanuelle and Bonking For Beginners rolled into one. We'd all like to flick through her pages, put our markers in the middle of her folio and generally devle into the luscious imagery of her metaphors (or something like that). Yes readers, Sarah is a whole library of lust personified. We heartly recommend that you throw caution to the winds and get your dictionaries out right now.



Sarah



Photographed by DAG OHLUND



Dorothy

Readers, remember those free expression classes at school? When you listened to a piece of music and had to write down your impressions. Well, we switched things around. We showed these photos of Dorothy to various people, and they told us what sounds came to mind. Mr Heard (our friend from Fiesta) came up with a big slurping noise, Bill Rampton (man from the pits) thought of an extraordinary grunting sound, whilst Gazza (king of XS) thought of snoring noises. What!? We all uttered, amazed. But then we remembered: Gazza always sleeps on the job.





BE WARNED!



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TOP GLAMOUR
MODELS
NEVER BEFORE
REVEALED!**

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Nervous Girl Tells of Her First Encounters! 0898 100 409
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Up for Grabs**

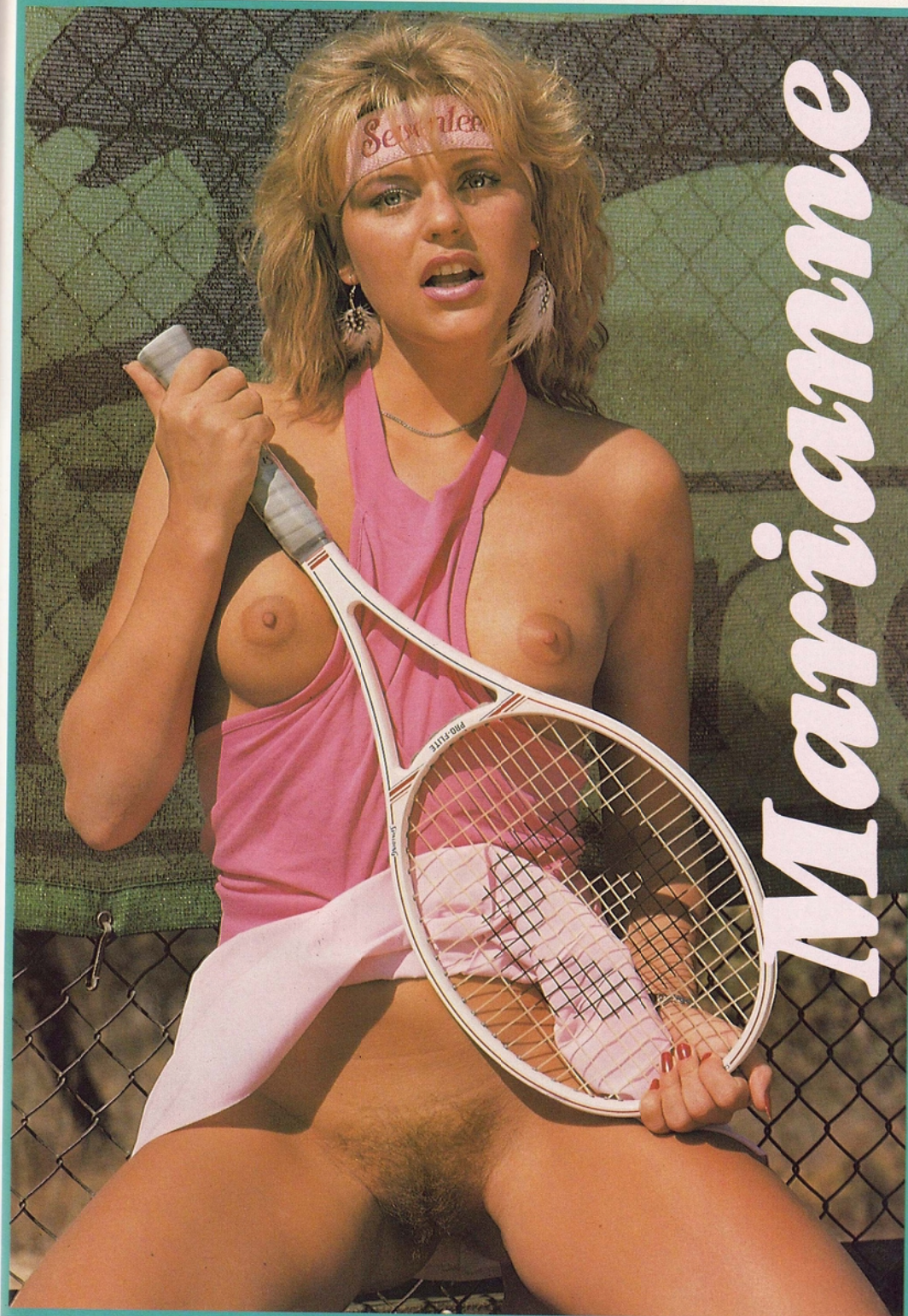
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**Big Busted Gal Seeks Well
Endowed Man (Thruster)**

0898 100 430

**Susan - Not just another
Phone Call but another
Super Climax! (Handy)**

0898 100 474





Okay, so it ain't exactly timely, having a tennis set in a winter issue. So what, rules were made to be broken, and we're pretty non-conformist at Knave, especially our anarchist editorial assistant Richard Hell. Shunning the world of glamorous women, there's nothing he enjoys more than tossing off a couple of Molotov cocktails. Each to their own. Marianne on the other hand, is into a different set of values. Sport, sex and more sex are all she's interested in. You'll often find her going down to the local gym, or down on the local Jim, depending on her mood...



My First Time

Everyone remembers their first times. Whether it's the first time they got drunk, had sex, whatever, it sticks in the mind. But what about models? They all have a first time, too. And that's where Knave comes in. If you have a secret passion to become a model, then why not enter 'My First Time' and make it happen!



Jane



Jane Russell. What a star. In this faithful recreation of Howard Hughes' classic movie The Outlaw we see First Timer Jane (real name, honest — Ed), in the role of Ms. Russell. Trained by our own in-house acting coach and impresario, Mr Heard, Jane took to acting like a fish to water, and soon had Mr H calling up agents from his own days in the theatre. Unfortunately, Mr Heard's dreams of finding the new Streep were brutally shattered when he discovered that his old rep contacts had all passed away over the years. Well, it has been some time since he played a small part during the nude scenes in Hair . . .

All you need to do is send us at least three nude polaroids or prints of yourself, along with the entry form, and we take it from there. Who knows, your 'first time' as a model might be just around the corner!





MODELS WANTED!

Model's Name

Address

Daytime Tel. No.

Date of Birth

Signature

Photographer's Name

Address

Daytime Tel. No.

Date Photos Taken

Signature

Send to: K.A.M.F. P.O. Box 312, Witham, Essex CM8 3SZ.

Ladies! If you're thinking of going into modelling, then now's your chance! Every month our Amateur Model Feature premieres a different girl, and next month it could be you! Provided they have never appeared in Fiesta or any other men's magazine, female readers are eligible to become Knave Amateur Models. Just send us the completed application form, and three or four nude polaroids or prints. Then, each month, we'll pick the girl we like, and invite her to our studio in Essex for a day's modelling session, with a professional glamour photographer, and our own make-up artist and hair stylist to make sure the model looks her very best.

We pay our models £200 for their day's work, and an extra £25 to the photographers who originally sent the pictures in. So come on, take that first step into a new career!

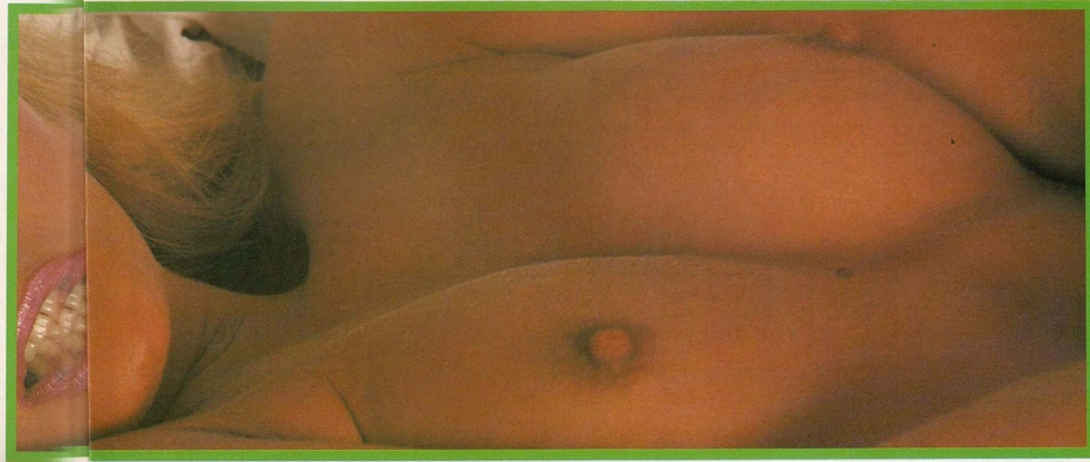


This is Trixie, she's the star of our latest bedroom farce. The title of which is, naturally, 'Bedroom Arse' (cue raucous laughter). The plot is as follows. Trixie takes her clothes off and Brian Rix enters (tee hee) the room. His trousers fall down (audience titters). There is a knock at the door, of course it's the vicar. Brian goes into the cupboard. Vicar drops his pants and goes away. Re-enter Brian (ha, ha), who refuses Trixie's advances. She says, "I wondered when you were going to come out of the closet!" Everyone collapses in outrageous hysterics. What a girl! What a climax! Arrghh!



TRIXIE





Photographed by ULF STJERNBO



Sarah

KNAVE



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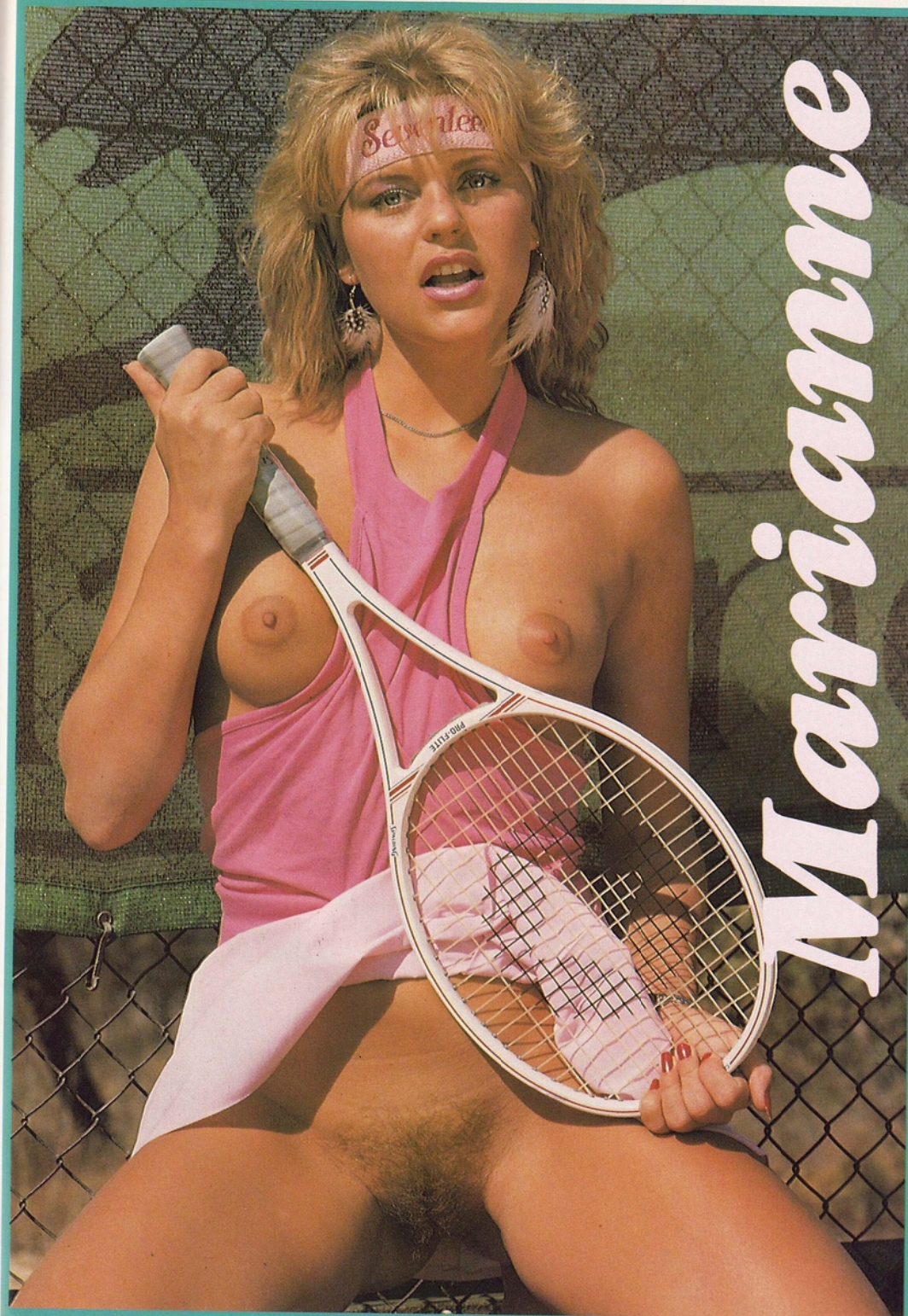
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TRIXIE





GERMINIA



ABC

ISSN 0265-1289

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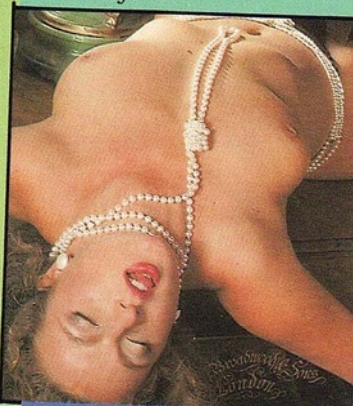
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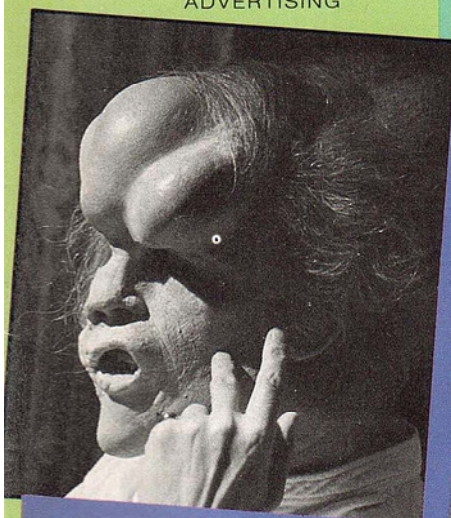
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This month's First Timer
Photographed by Austin Legrew

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INTIMATELY...

CREAM IN MY MOUTH

0898 886 480
your most explicit
fantasies fulfilled
0898 886 481

REQUESTS
0898 886 482
I'm stripping off
just for you
0898 886 483
STICKY IN SILK!
0898 886 484
sore but satisfied...
0898 886 485
DEEP THROAT
DELIGHT
0898 886 486
secret confessions
of my 1st sex
photo session
0898 886 487
MY
EXPERIENCE
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explicit sex for
you - live!
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0898 884 348
Naughty Girl Says
PLEASE
0898 884 357
Suzie: for your Personal Pleasure
0898 884 352
Sabrina Says Satisfy
Me
0898 884 354
Blue Movie Star Needed
0898 884 347

Sugar Daddy needed for
Gorgeous Girl
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Sex Maniac's Club
0898 900 500
Banned Recordings
(XXX Rated)
0898 900 501
Unfaithful Wives (investigations)
0898 900 566
New Video Stars required
0898 900 574
Nymphomaniac Contact Line
0898 900 576
for Attractive but
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0898 900 577
Info Line - her NOW!
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AUDIENCE REQUIRED for blue video
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BLOW UP DOLL, my husband and me,
the perfect threesome, let me tell you all on:-
0898 777 831.

MY PARTS IN A BLUE MOVIE - Take
some advice and call me. 0898 777 832.

LATIN LUST It'll make your zipper bust,
find out how on 0898 777 836.

CHARLIE'S TALE - peeping in on matron.
0898 777 838.

I'VE HAD MY BEST FRIENDS FELLA -
and I'm going to tell you all about it - it's good
strong stuff. Dial now:- 0898 777 842.

DIRTY LEATHER TALK. Be shocked (all
calls at dialer's own risk). 0898 777 843.

MEDICAL LADY for that special require-
ment on 0898 777 854.

I'M NAUGHTY NINA - Leather lady strips
and performs for you call me on:- 0898 777 869.

WHO'S BEEN BONKING in my bed? The
adult Goldilocks would like to know perhaps it
could be you? 0898 777 878.

RUBBER LOVERS - call and get yours on
0898 777 889.

STRICT MADAM - Let me dress you up to
my requirements 0898 777 847.

SURPRISE LINE we can't tell you any-
more until you call 0898 777 877.

GET DRESSED UP - I will help you and
show you how. Call Linda on:- 0898 777 886.

MYSTERY LINE - 0898 777 817.

"STRICT SAMANTHA" - Do as your told
and call her now on:- 0898 777 803.

"LASH LOVING LINDSEY" - requires
you for on 0898 777 806.

NAUGHTY BOYS call for your punishment
0898 777 809.

LINE for boys with bad
habits. 0898 777 816.

THE MISTRESS MATRON - stiff and
starched 'she makes you the same' 0898
777 844.

NICKY'S - I'll say no more. 0898
777 848.

ALL TIED UP - restrictive resistance call
0898 777 851 for your turn.

LADY JANE STRICT - Your mistress to
obey call now 0898 777 853.

EDUCATION FOR BAD BOYS - Call if
you need it and expect no mercy. 0898 777 873.

SEX APPRECIATION TRAINING - Get
yours direct on 0898 777 884.

NAUGHTY BOYS must stand in the corner
and do as they're told - now do as you're told
and call 0898 777 887.

0898 777 894 - WORK IT TO A LATHER

ON YOUR KNEES and "lick my boots"
you disobedient boy 0898 777 811.

FIONA FIRM controls your manners - call
her if you dare!! 0898 777 812.

I'LL MAKE MY BIG BOOBS BOUNCE
for you - just call me on 0898 777 807

BLONDE BITCH for corrective treatment
call her now 0898 777 852.

I'LL BEND OVER FOR YOU 0898 777 859.

HI, I'M SALLY and I need correcting - any
offers 0898 777 883.

NYMPHO'S IN NYLON TOGETHER!! -
0898 777 912.

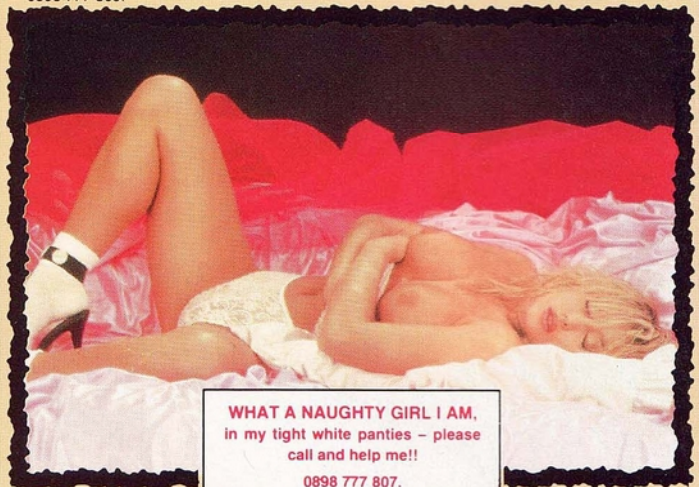
BLACK STOCKINGS, BLACK LEGS -
0898 777 908.

FILL 'EM UP FOR ME - 0898 777 909.

SHELLEY'S SHEER DELIGHT - 0898
777 911.

LUMPY TROUSERS - Dial the cure 0898
777 893.

0898 777 891 - HOT PHONE FUN.
0898 777 896 - KNOBS DIAL LINE
0898 777 814 - VIDEO SEX SESSION



**WHAT A NAUGHTY GIRL I AM,
in my tight white panties - please
call and help me!!**
0898 777 807.

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PEARL NECKLACE - call her on 0898
777 818.

I NEED SEX - can you help? Call 0898 777
823 quick!

SUZIE KEEPS YOU UP all night - the
insomniacs friend - dial direct on 0898 777 837.

THE PUBLIC PLEASURE GIRLS make
you purr with delight. 0898 777 839.

BRA BUSTING BONANZA - Big girls
just for you 0898 777 841.

BUSTY PUB STRIPPER FOR HIRE - call
direct on:- 0898 777 846.

42DD BELINDA - Big, blonde and bouncy,
just for you. 0898 777 849.

I'M A VERY KINKY LADY with an urgent
desire to be owned by a firm master - please
call me. 0898 777 866.

THE ICE QUEEN - Sophisticated, cool
and waiting for you. 0898 777 866.

CALL ME I NEED YOU NOW!! 0898 777
868.

PHONE ME FOR FUN - Go on, try me out,
you won't get better than me. 0898 777 891.

"JUICY LUCY AND HOT HANNA" are
a double education - we are both available
on 0898 777 801.

LINDA LOVES LOLLIPOPS - to lick and
suck, get yours on:- 0898 777 802.

PHALIC FUN 0898 777 817.

UNZIP YOUR JEANS and dial your
dreams - frustrated lady awaits you:- 0898
777 829.

VIBRATOR JANE gives you the buzz in
full explicit details. 0898 777 822.

RANDY MANDY - Yours to have, yours to
control!! 0898 777 834.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL GOES FOR IT
- If you pull my pin on:- 0898 777 856.

PAULA'S PUSSY needs stroking - call
her direct on:- 0898 777 872.

MEN REQUIRED - I need one badly due to
embarrassing experience let me tell you.
0898 777 882.

I WAITED AND WAITED - but you didn't
call - try me I'm good. 0898 777 896.

SATISFACTION REQUIRED - Can you
help? I'm frustrated and in need of you - 0898
777 808.

AVAILABLE HOUSEWIVES Confidential
info on secret exposure of unfaithful
wives. 0898 900 566.

URGENT ASSISTANCE needed with a
sexually over active wife who will do any-
thing. Please help. 0898 900 581.

0898 777 823 - I NEED SEX - CALL ME

KINKY KATE - And you thought you were
bad, call me and I'll show you a thing or two
you wouldn't believe. 0898 777 879.

PENPOWER

Hairdresser On Fire

I was the last customer into the hairdresser's on that misty November evening. I had recently moved to a new part of town and needed to find a place for a haircut. This brightly lit unisex salon was a definite step up from the brylcreem and "a little something for the weekend" merchants who I usually frequented. The neat, modern shop was empty when I

proclaimed "Katie" and as she moved and stretched I could make out the outline of her bra and skimpy panties through the thin material. As she faced me the material of the bra and overall was not enough to hide the swelling of two nipples.

It was no wonder that being so close to such a sexy young body I soon got quite aroused and hard. The nylon sheet was beginning to

bulge on my lap. She began to hold my head more gently as she positioned it, and her fingers began to linger, stroking my ears and the back of my neck.

She suddenly put her comb and scissors down and walked over to the door, pulling the blinds down and turning the 'CLOSED' sign to face the dark street. "Don't want to be disturbed do we?" she said as she fastened the blind. I took this oppor-

sexy cunt lips, and stray hairs were now clearly visible.

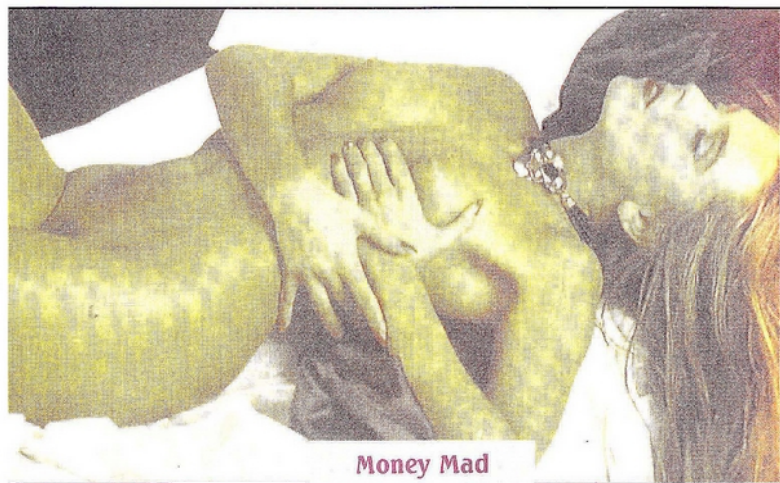
This show was having quite an effect on me and the tent in my lap now had a sticky, dark peak from my oozing prick.

Katie noticed this and smiled appreciatively. She then said she thought I needed a shampoo. She stretched over and released the shower attachment from the sink before me, she brought it close to her body and, with the wickedest of grins, switched it on. The warm jet of water cascaded over her sexy body making the flimsy material of her overall both very clinging and very transparent. "Aren't I clumsy?" she giggled at me lecherously. My eyes were amazed by the erotic sight before me. Her tits were straining to get out of the bra cups which held them, and the water had turned her nipples into hard peach stones. "You'll have to help me out of this," she said and offered me the ring at the top of the zip.

I did not need asking twice, slowly at first and then, once past her breasts, faster and easier until the whole front of her overall lay open. Underneath she was luscious. Her full breasts seemed to fill her bra, and her panties seemed two sizes too small the way they hugged the mound at the front. I eased the damp overall off her and it lay on the floor in a sad pile.

I was laying back on the seat just so excited by this unexpected adventure.

Katie then decided to shampoo my hair except it wasn't to be the hair on my head, and she used a great dollop of creamy conditioner. She approached me with a handful of the gunge and then carefully and somewhat deftly positioned herself so that she was kneeling on the wide arms of the chair astride me, but facing away. This meant I had an amazing view of her bum as it was thrust into my face and also she was able to slowly, tantalisingly slowly



Money Mad

walked in off the street, the young female hairdresser was busy tidying up. "Can you fit me in?" I said from the half open door. She gave a cheeky, disarming smile and said, "Sit down and I'll be with you in a minute."

I made myself comfortable in the reclining black chair and watched as the girl prepared for me. In the mirror I could study her closely without her realising just how closely. She came towards me, draped a thin pink nylon sheet over my body and tied it at the neck, "Just a trim please," I said.

As she moved round me, snipping and holding my head, I was attracted by a strong sexy smell. She was wearing a tight, thin white overall which zipped up the front. Her left, full breast

God, I just have to write to you about Jacqueline in Vol. 22.8. You called it the 'Italian Job', but she doesn't look like an Eyetie to me. She's more like a posh bird from Mayfair (the place, not the mag!) or something. That's why I liked her. There's nothing better in the world than squeezing, licking and fucking a rich bitch. Know what I mean? In the Rolls with her legs over the backseat, that's how I'd have Jacqueline. I'd soon mess up those seat covers, I can tell you! — C.S., Derby.

tunity to release my aching cock from the restrictive confines of my pants and trousers. When she returned there was a small tent sitting proudly in my lap.

As she fussed around me, she kept giving her little white tunic a hitch up, gradually raising its hem towards her thighs and neat bum. Needless to say it was now obvious what was on our minds, but the charade of silence continued.

Eventually the tunic was so high I could begin to see the white of her panties and as she bent over adjusting the chair I was in, I was afforded an amazing view in the mirror of the tight crotch of her panties; they were transparent as her juices were obviously making the material cling to her

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PLUS

JOKER

One morning the milkman called on one of his regular customers to find a white bed sheet with a small hole in the middle hanging up in her bedroom.

"What's that doing?" asked the milkman.

"Oh, that's a sheet that was used in a game we played during the party I held last night. In a game called 'Guess Who' the sheet was put over a woman and the hole over the woman's fanny. Then the male guests stuck their dicks through the hole in the sheet and fucked the woman who couldn't see them. The girl beneath the sheet had to guess the identity of the owner of the prick."

"Gosh," replied the milkman, "that sounds like fun, I wish I'd have been there."

"You should have been," replied the girl, "your name came up four times!"

pull back the pink sheet to uncover my engorged and throbbing cock. I was beside myself with excitement and I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of those tight white panties and eased them down until they were pulled tight across her upper thighs. She smelled wonderfully, womanly warm, and from the soaking crotch of her knickers I could tell she was as excited as me. I started to kiss, lick and suck her cunt and it was obvious from the passion with which she was "shampooing" my prick that she was enjoying the experience.

My hands parted her bum cheeks to make it easier to get my mouth around her dripping cunt and kiss and tease her clit. I couldn't see what she was doing to me as her tits were hanging between me and my cock, whatever it was, it felt good.

We were both approaching orgasms, she was pleading with me to put my tongue deeper into her cunt and I was just moaning sweetly. The crescendos grew and grew until I could stand it no longer — I came — I felt great spasms of relief and Katie milked every last drop of come from my bursting cock. I intensified my activity on Katie's cunt, and her shuddering climax was not long coming. As she came she thrust the whole of her bum right into my face I emerged some seconds later with a wet sticky nose and chin.

I licked the salty juices off my lips and relaxed a moment. As I lay back Katie undertook a new manoeuvre, she totally twisted around in the chair to face me. She was still wearing her tight bra but it was now speckled and spotted with my spunk from where she had wiped my prick.

"This is a mess," she winked at me, she indicated

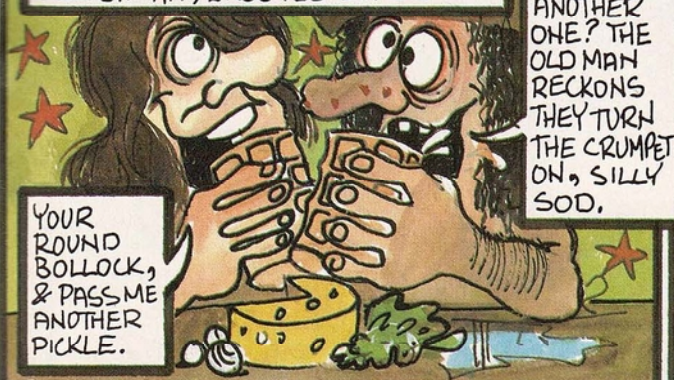
for me to release the bra catch behind her. I did and the full breasts gave an almost audible sigh as they were released. I did not need much urging to start to kiss and lick her wonderful breasts and nipples. They tasted of sweat and my spunk. I tugged and teased each nipple in turn with my lips and teeth as they hardened in my mouth. My cock was appreciating all this post-orgasmic activity and was beginning to get entangled in the damp tightly-stretched crotch over her knickers. I managed to pull



9 HE SHAGGED THE GIRLS,
HE ROGGERED THE TARTS,
HE SCREWED WHEREVER
HE'D BEEN.
NOW 'T WAS TIME TO PROVE
HIS WORTH
14 BY GIVING ONE TO THE QUEEN.
HE THOUGHT HE HAD THE
SECRET
TO MAKE HER HIGHNESS COME,
BUT BOLLOCK & PERS HAD
BEEN OUT TO LUNCH
& EATEN EVERY ONE!



STILL AT THE DONKEY'S PENIS,
BOLLOCK & HIS MATE PERCY THE
PLOUGHMAN, ENJOYED LUNCH.



WHAT,
ANOTHER
ONE? THE
OLD MAN
RECKONS
THEY TURN
THE CRUMPET
ON, SILLY
SOD.

JACK LEFT
BOLLOCK &
PERCY TO CHAT
ABOUT THE
GOOD OLD DAYS
& SPED OFF
TO THE CASTLE
TO SHOW OFF
HIS RAMPANT
JAR OF
PICKLES!

LOOK, IT'S
JACK DE LADD

I WONDER IF IT'S
STILL AS BIG!

I'M COMING MY
QUEEN - OR
YOU'RE ABOUT TO

THE PROBLEM OF THE QUEEN'S LOST EROGENOUS ZONE
WAS SOON TO BE SOLVED. JACK WAITED FOR AN
AUDIENCE & HIS CHANCE TO PROVE THAT THE
PICKLED ONIONS TURNED HER ON.



HER MAJESTY
WILL SEE YOU
NOW, SIR.

QUICK MY SON,
THE QUEEN
CAN'T WAIT.

I SEE WE ARE
INTERESTED IN MY
LOWER PARTS AS
USUAL, BUT I HAVE A
DATE WITH A QUEEN,
SO, FUCK OFF!

LOOK AT
THAT GIRLS,
HAVE YOU
EVER SEEN
SUCH A FINE
SPECIMEN.

OOOOH!
IT'S ERECT
&
THROBBIN'!

I DO HOPE
HE'S CUT
HIS
TOENAILS.

I DON'T BELIEVE IT
BOLLOCK, THE JAR IS
EMPTY & YOUR
BREATH SMELLS LIKE
AN ANCHOVY'S BOTTOM.
WHERE 'ART MY
ONIONS?

WELL ER.... PERCY
& ME GOT RAT-
ARSED... AND WELL
THE ONIONS... ER,
WELL... THEY WENT
WELL WITH THE CHEESE.
..... GOODBYE SIRE.

YOU, SHIT-BRAINED
ELEPHANT'S DICK OF
AN ORANGUTANG'S!
CRUTCHPIECE!

PENPOWER PLUS

KNIGHT

them down further past her knees and off one ankle so they hung cheekily over her other foot. She brought her feet higher up the arms of the chair and got into a squatting position.



Whilst strolling through a meadow one day, the XS Editor came across a naked girl sunning herself.

"Are you game?" he asked her.

"For you, darling, I certainly am," replied the breathless woman.

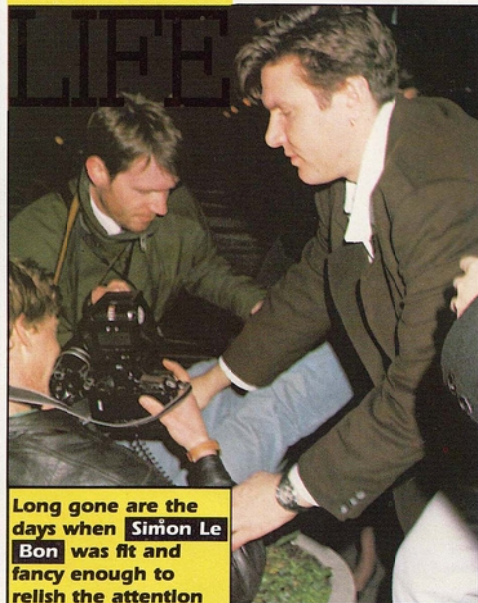
So the XS Editor shot her...

She gently and carefully lowered herself onto my erect cock. The spunk and the conditioner mingling with her juices eased the sliding, and I was soon right up to my hilt and my balls were squashed beneath her. She began to move up and down on me and I buried my face in her tits; she moved faster and faster and my second orgasm wasn't long in coming. I burst into her with great spurts of come and she continued bouncing on me for a few more fierce strokes until her climax was achieved. We collapsed onto each other, exhausted and spent in a warm sticky embrace. I looked down at my tired cock, the hairs at its root had enjoyed their shampoo and were covered in a thick creamy lather, a mixture of spunk, conditioner and cunt juice.

I go back to that hairdresser's regularly. I always go just before closing time and Katie is always ready for me. One thing still puzzles me though, why do all my friends call me "Kojak"? - K., New Cross.

Desire Is Hunger (Of The Soul)

I thought I'd let you know my idea of a perfect shaped/looking female if there is one.



Long gone are the days when **Simon Le Bon** was fit and fancy enough to relish the attention of the cameras. Nowadays, the only exercise he gets is working over unwanted paparazzi. Wild boys don't fade away, they just get double chins.

She'd have a beautiful face, nice shaped nose and come to bed eyes. With pouty lips, pear shaped tits, shapely hips, flat stomach, thighs that are not too thick. Also a compact bum, a vagina with protruding lips or flaps that gape when aroused, and a pretty clitoris. She must have a sensuous wiggle when she walks.

When she looks at me with those come to bed eyes and gives me that, fuck me please look, I would take her to bed slowly undress her, kiss her pouty lips, suck and caress those pear shaped tits with those inviting nipples, and run my hands up and

down those thighs. I'd lick and kiss her stomach, then down to the *piece de resistance*, her vagina, pussy, cunt. I'd lick the clitoris to erection. I'd keep her waiting, then I'd lick and kiss her vaginal lips till they were moist. Then gently parting them, I'd lick inside with my tongue, perhaps insert a finger and masturbate her a bit.

my life have turned topsy turvy. Hazel's more or less pushed me out of her life, and she's pregnant. Not by Mike I might add but by the new man, who's moved in with us. And he's coloured. What's really upsetting me though is how can a white couple say that the husband's the father of his wife's baby when the baby comes out black, and you have a man living in your house who's also black. It wouldn't have been so bad if it had happened like she planned and Mike had put her in the club. I could have easily claimed it was mine. But like all well laid plans, Hazel's went badly astray.

It happened last November. We had been seeing less and less of Mike. He'd found another girlfriend. But of course he still came round for his nooky with Hazel. He'd have been a fool not to, wouldn't he? Hazel really looked forward to his infrequent visits. Then he told her he was getting engaged and wouldn't be coming anymore. Hazel was so unhappy and begged to see him again, but he didn't call anymore. She waited night after night and it upset me to see her keep bursting into tears when he didn't show up. We didn't even see him on the train anymore.

Then her office held a party in a hotel up town. We booked a double room for the night as well. Hazel told me to see Mike and get him to come, and to tell him she would give him a night to remember, and that he wouldn't want to marry his girlfriend after it. I didn't tumble that she meant to get herself pregnant, and that she had stopped taking the pill. I should have realised something was up when she stopped me fucking her, but I thought she was just upset. I thought Mike said he would come just to get rid of me, and Hazel was so happy when I told her he was coming.

The night of her office do, she really got herself done up. She looked fantastic. I would love to have grabbed her and given her a good fucking but she wouldn't let me near her. I had watched her dressing. She had matching black undies, a half cut bra, a little flimsy suspender belt, a G-string and her sheer black nylon stockings. She wore a long black evening dress, slit up to mid

This is my idea of a perfect female and what I would do with her. - B.N., Belgium.

P.S. I'd like a female with no bigger than 36" tits (quite firm not floppy).

Well Laid Plans

Since all the excitement last year when Hazel took Mike as a lover our marriage, and

thigh. When she walked, you could see her stocking tops and the creamy flesh above. She had really high heeled shoes on. Her long hair shone, and she looked like a dream. She was perfect. I came my lot thinking of seeing Mike's cock going between her flaps again.

We got to the party. No sign of Mike, but she said, "He's bound to turn up." In the mean time she was receiving the full attention of a good looking black guy. Hazel said he worked with her and that he had been after her for some time. She said she intended bringing him home, but as her affair with Mike had been no dodge, she thought it unwise to upset him by chancing it.

When it became obvious Mike wasn't going to turn up, she drank even more. Her dancing with Ken got sexier and sexier, it was almost like a dry fuck in the middle of the floor. As they danced they snogged and she hung around his neck. All her pals could see what they were doing and that I wasn't stopping it. They openly took the piss out of me. Then she brought him over to meet me. His trousers had a great bulge in them where his erect cock stuck out and I knew he was going to be her lover that night, and that I would see her being fucked by a black man for the first time. It wasn't



"Hello, dear you're back early."



Vietnam Revisited

Hey man, thanks a million for the far out spread of Xiou in Vol. 22.8. The whole thing reminded me of my days out in 'Nam. Phew it was hot out there! When Charlie was coming at ya from the bush, there was only one thing keeping me from splitting straight away. And that was the thought of my cool chick back in Saigon. Like hey, you cats, I wanna tell ya that Xiou's the spitting image of mah old Saigon Sex Bomb. I used to pump more jiz into her than I did bullets into the Cong. After I rotated back to the world, I never saw my Viet vixen again. You guys at Knave, thanks for bringing her back to life for me. - A happy ex-serviceman. California. US of A.

long before Hazel was making it obvious she wanted to go up to our room, and walked out on Ken's arm, with me following meekly behind. I can still hear the sniggers and snide remarks from her girlfriends like, "Who's going to be a lucky girl tonight?" and, "Is hubby helping out?" They knew Ken was going to fuck her.

They ignored me completely on the way up in the lift. They were kissing, she almost had him fucking her there and then, she dragged him into the room. If I had have known she was ripe to be made pregnant I would have tried to stop it, but as I didn't know, and was worked up by the thought of seeing Ken's black cock sliding between her flaps.

Hazel stood in his arms kissing and biting his neck, his black hands roamed over her firm shapely body. He pulled the skirt of her dress up and I watched his black hands feeling her legs, then her creamy thighs. She opened her legs and his

hand went between her thighs. I went over and pulled her G-string down. I knelt behind her getting a good close look at his fingers working away at her oozing cunt. Then I unzipped her dress and pulled it off. Hazel was busy with Ken's trousers and they soon joined the rest of the clothes on the floor. I could see his huge balls swaying between his legs but couldn't see his cock as Hazel had it between them, and was fondling it.

Then she stood on tip toes as she pushed his cock between the top of her thighs, it glided between her hairy lips and pushed out between the quivering cheeks of her bum. It was huge. It looked like a large toffee apple on a thick stick. The foreskin was drawn so tightly around the head that you could see it pulsing and throbbing underneath. He started rocking to and fro, his shaft sliding between her gasping flaps.

He savoured away between Hazels legs, his rough shaft rubbing at her dangling clitoris. She shook and moaned, she was having a come already. Hazel dragged him down to the bed, splaying her legs wide. I could see his cock in all its glory. It was about as long as Mike's. Although the shaft didn't look as thick it was lumpy with hairy tufts growing on it and his cock head was truly enormous, much bigger than Mike's. I wondered if Hazel would be able to cope with something as big.

Ken positioned himself so his cock head just sank into her juicy folds, he held her lips open and just eased forward. Her cunt seemed to open and swallow that massive cock head as it slowly slid into her. Hazel moaned as she came again. This was something special! She had come twice already and he only had his cock in a couple of inches. Ken lifted her legs, holding them up over his shoulders, fucking in and out, his cock getting further into her cunt with every thrust. His penetration was making Hazel lift her backside off the bed, she sobbed and panted as she clung to him.

I could see he was nearly fully up her now, and after a couple of swift jabs his balls nestled hard against the cheeks of her bum. His shaft

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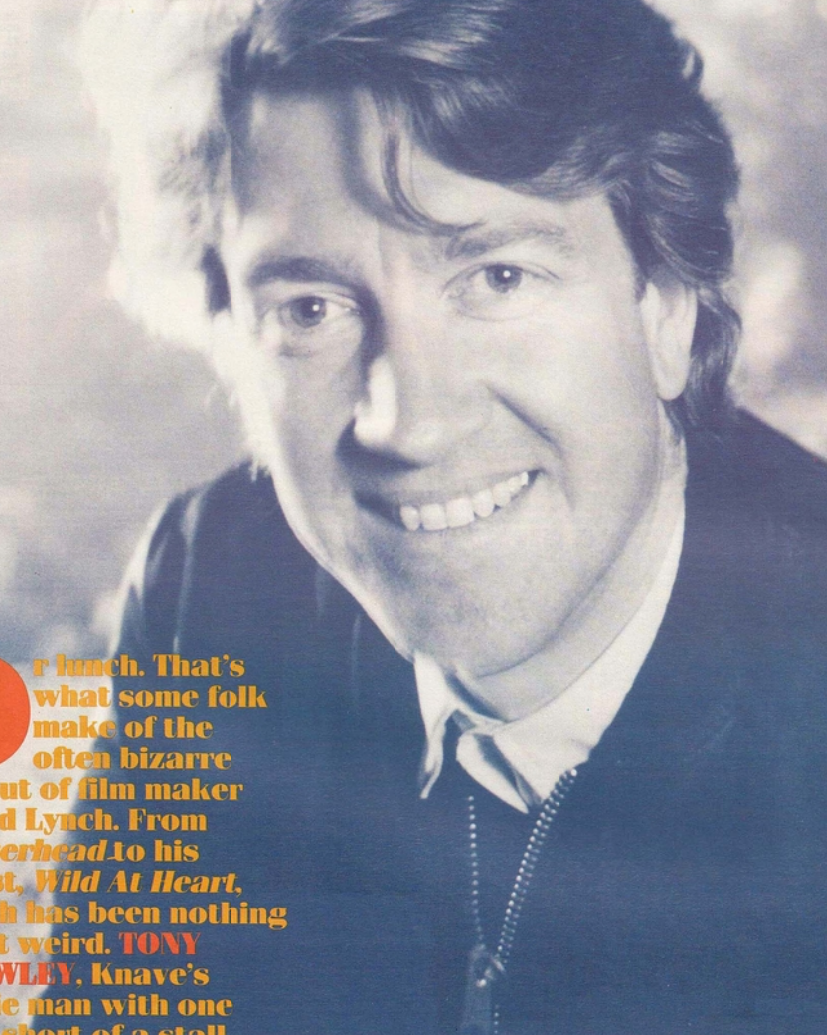
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Out To **LYNCH**



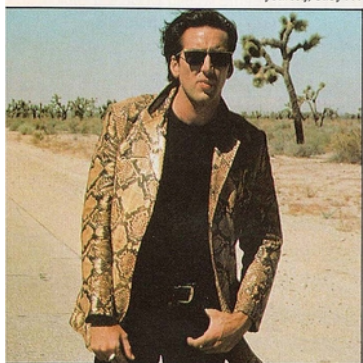
Or lunch. That's what some folk make of the often bizarre output of film maker David Lynch. From *Eraserhead* to his latest, *Wild At Heart*, Lynch has been nothing if not weird. **TONY CRAWLEY**, Knave's movie man with one seat short of a stall himself, went to Cannes to meet him...

His winning entry, **Wild At Heart**, is

Out To LYNCH



Laura Dern as Lula in *Wild At Heart*. Hang on to yourself, baby...



Nicolas Cage as Sailor in *Wild At Heart*. Snakeskin 'n' unglasses, broody 'n' moody, hunky 'n' punky, what a lad!



Lynch on the set of *Wild At Heart*.

oh, about 25 times until she's mesmerised into saying it.

That's when he pulls out of their clinch and says: "I will. But not today!" (Biggest laugh in the film).

Lynch's new open wit suggests he has either mellowed or is adjusting to the real world. "I'm becoming adjusted, yeah." Put that down to the life with the svelte Rossellini, Ingrid Bergman's daughter.

Although the aforementioned Bobby Peru is the character he most identifies

"Mel Brooks calls him Jimmy Stewart from Mars."

with, Rossellini insists Lynch is no monster, no satyr. What he is, of course, from **Eraserhead** to **Elephant Man** and the rest is a...

CULT FILM-MAKER

"That means there's a small group of people who really dig you. But you're broke and you can still go on living. In some dignity. (Pause). These labels are kinda strange, you know. I just like to make films. In between everything else. Film is not the be and end all. Well, it is the most important thing. I also like to paint, work on the television series, produce albums... and I've gotten some ideas for some stop-motion animation things I'd like to do - probably in my basement. When Isabella's not around. I sit, lonely, in my living room and think dark thoughts."

SCRIPTING

"The characters come from Barry Gifford's book, except it was not so dark. I wrote the script very fast - six weeks. I sit with my assistant and dictate. All of it, dialogue and visuals. Well, you never get all the visuals. But it was a complete script. Wasn't so hot. So, I wrote it again and it was the second one we shot. I stuck to it... in a way."

FILMING

"I love all the different stages: writing, shooting, editing. You just have to pay attention otherwise it will get away from

you. By the time you come to the end of one stage, you're ready to stop and look forward to the next, by the time you finish editing, you're looking forward to..."

CENSORSHIP

"We have a few problems in the States. One or two small things will have to go. Unfortunately. A lot of films right now are getting an X rating that maybe wouldn't a couple of months ago. The Ratings Board has gotten very conservative all of a sudden. We don't understand it. We're upset about it. They tell us: 'Look, it's an X-rated film. If you want an R, make some changes.'"

Other US X certificate victims - like British director Peter Greenaway's **The Cook, The Thief, His Wife and Her Lover** and Spain's kinky **Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!** by Pedro Almodovar - survived in two or three American cinemas. "They make nickels. Not enough to buy a thermos of coffee with. A company spending millions of dollars would

never get their money back. So it has to be an R-rated film."

X FOR VIOLENCE

"It's the violence more than the sex. The beginning scene..." Where Nicolas Cage simply beats somebody to death. "But the robbery at the end is the one scene they have a problem with." Not too surprising, that's where Bobby Peru literally loses his head.

"There's only one or two shots in the sex scenes where, strangely, they think that Sailor Ripley and Lula Pace Fortune (Nicolas Cage and Laura Dern) are... well, er, y'know they call it rear-entry! They are somewhat upset by that."

"I don't know why there'd be a reason to cut it in Europe. But if it was a rule in a country, I'd try and fight it. If I lost, I would have to make some changes. This is the version that we hopefully will release in Europe. As for the death of Bobby Peru - that will have to stay!"

Bobby Peru goes so fast, there's no time to know if it's accidental or on purpose... "Oh! That's an accident," says Lynch, "a bad accident." For sure. Bobby Peru blows his own head right off!

VISUALS AND FEELINGS

"They're due, partly, to being a painter. I don't really like comics, but I like music. Mostly, I like mood and a sense of place. Since a lot of these films take place in a specific area in America, that area has a

specific mood and to me... all the films I've really loved are films I want to go back into, and feel that mood, and be with those people again.

"Intuitive things are the most important to me. Film has a fantastic way of portraying abstractions. That is what's so magical about it. When you put pictures with sounds, you can get magical feelings, especially when time is involved and a story. Music gives you a powerful sense of mood. To articulate things into words is sort of a drag and I think you can stay too much on the surface that way."

HUMOUR

After Bobby Peru's death, one of his victims is searching for his hand, shotgunning off in the bank raid - "They might be able to sew it back on." CUT to a dog running out the side door. With the hand in its mouth. (Second biggest laugh in the film).

"Humour is the most abstract thing. I don't think anybody has ever been able to figure it out. I like absurd things. Basically. Some of these things were quite violent. I wanted them and didn't even want to think about altering them until we had some test-screenings in the States."

VIOLENCE TEST

"At one screening, 100 people got up and left in one scene. At the next one, 120 got up and left...! It was breaking the film. This violence was just over that line and ruining everything. We just had to alter one tiny part - for the sake of the whole picture - and the next time, the audience was with the picture. I was always against test-screenings until that experience. I guess, er, there is a magical line that you have to feel. And you *should* go up against

"His right shoelace was undone, he hadn't tied it for three months."

that line. But if you cross it, you're in bad trouble."

TWIN PEAKS

"It's just been kinda phenomenal. It's gotten so much good word in the States. People are having **Twin Peaks** parties on Thursday night. People who've never watched TV before are watching it. And ABC, who were nervous about it, but still behind it - but y'know jobs were on the line - is now considered to be avant garde. Really great! I still oversee it, but after directing the pilot, my work now is the story arc, how the stories will unfold. I

might direct one episode of the next 13. It's not so different from **Dallas**. I really like the world of **Twin Peaks** and the characters.

FUTURE

"You just can't seem to make cheap films anymore. It's unbelievable. Under \$10-million is next door to impossible! It just mounts up. I don't know how. I wanted to do **Up At The Lake**... And **One Saliva Bubble**, written with my **Twin Peaks** partner, Mark Frost - it's a comedy, it's just... whacko! - was all geared up to go with Steve Martin when Dino De Laurentis' company bit the dust. Not sure if I'll do them. I *will* do **Ronnie Rocket**. But that will be, relatively speaking, quite a lot of money. Whoever gives it to me has to... er, really not have high expectations for massive returns. And there's not many of them around."

THE LYNCH MOB

"I like working with the same great actors. When you get to know them, you can see what new directions they go into. It's just fantastic when a part comes up for someone that you like so much. It's just a good thing to do."

Laura Dern and Isabella Rossellini were both in **Blue Velvet**, Jack Nance in **Eraserhead**, Cheryl Lee was the murdered teen queen in **Twin Peaks**... Willem Dafoe should have been in all of them! Lynch plays dumb as they praise his family atmosphere and playful set, "I don't know what's so special about it. The idea is making them feel safe, protected and unafraid to make wrong choices. But all I do is sit down, have a cup of coffee, take it easy."

"He's full of surprises," says Nicolas Cage,

silly, sometimes I get a little more inventive."

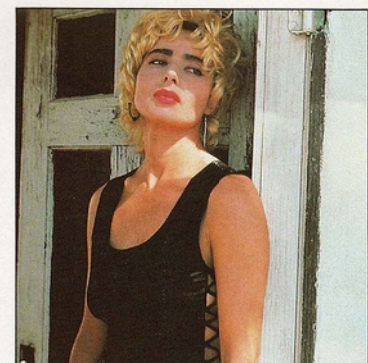
"His films are dreams to me," says Laura Dern, "and working with David is Disneyland! A complete amusement park ride from beginning to end."

Laura's real and screen mother, Diane Ladd, has no problem watching Laura's uninhibited sexual bouts with Cage, "In art there is an infinite line between licence and liberty. David is an artist. When Michelangelo is painting we cannot tie his hand."

Nor his shoelace. 



A bit of skullduggery. Cage and Dafoe in *Wild At Heart*.



Isabella Rossellini is Perdita Durango in *Wild At Heart*.



Lynch's golden years. A scene from *Dune*.



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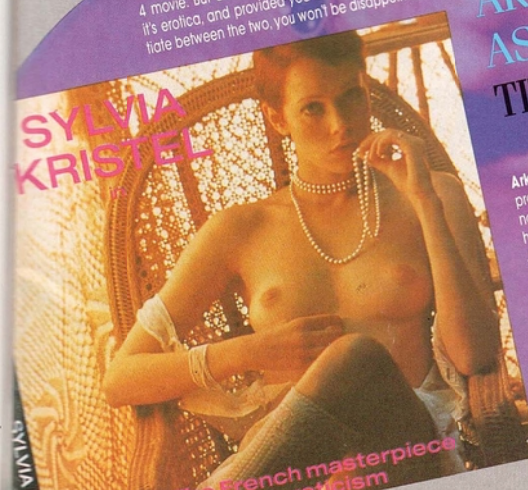
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XXX~RATED!XXX~RATED!

SYLVIA KRISTEL



JON BON JOVI
BLAZE OF GLORY

Although it's been out for a little while, Jon Bon Jovi definitely deserves a mention for his LP "Blaze Of Glory" (Vertigo). Inspired by the movie Young Guns 2, it's a collection of songs reliving the era of Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, Santa Fe, all the old Western myths. It may sound corny, but it actually works surprisingly well. Bon Jovi's songwriting really comes to the fore on some of the ballads, and reflects his love of the old West.

The pacier numbers, such as the opening track, "Billy Get Your Guns" have instant hooks, and you'll be humming along before the second chorus. If Jon wanted to prove to his critics that he didn't need the rest of Bon Jovi, he's more than made his point. And if he wants to stick with the band, but pop off every now and then to do a solo piece, I for one won't complain.



MARILLION
WEMBLEY ARENA

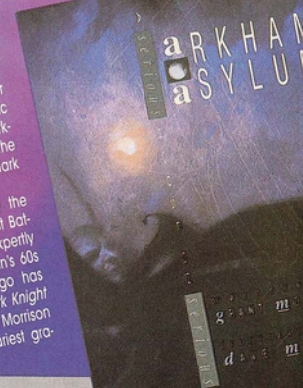
The last gig of the tour, the first tour for new(ish) Marillion frontman Steve Hogarth. It should have been a blinder, but for some reason, it was a very sedate affair until about halfway through and the boys shook off whatever had been holding them back. I don't know if it was just nerves, or fatigue or relief, but for the first half of the set, it was a pretty damp affair.

When it picked up, though, things really started cooking. Hogarth was note perfect, and Marillion seemed to suddenly mesh and remember where they were. Old Fishy favourites were dusted off and performed with relish, although the bulk of the set, recent LP Seasons End formed the bulk of the set. Marillion are far better suited to this kind of audience: the arena concert, their big sound had the entire crowd tapping and clapping, and by the end, the arena was a blur of motion as the band were completely forgotten. It took them a while to get there, but Marillion left with smiles on their faces.

ARKHAM ASYLUM
TITAN BOOKS

Arkham Asylum is a journey into madness and terror previously uncharted by the comic and graphic novel genre. From the opening ramblings of Dr Arkham's diary, to the initial confrontation between the Joker and his nemesis The Batman, the mood is dark and malevolent.

Dave McKean's artwork captures perfectly the undercurrent of menace present in all the best Batman stories, while Grant Morrison's dialogue expertly cuts through the kitsch and camp of Batman's 60s ghost Adam West. Bruce Wayne's alter ego has grown up, as Frank Miller proved in The Dark Knight Returns. In Arkham Asylum, thanks to Morrison and McKean, truly the grimmest and scariest graphic novel in a long while.



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COLLEGE SEX

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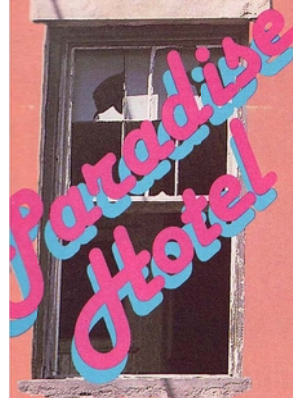
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Loftus felt his stiff, throbbing length sucked into a hot, sattingummed paradise. The semen boiled in his balls as Maria sucked hard, drawing on him like an enormous cigar. Then another exquisite sensation meant he had to use all his skill not to come instantly. A cool hand had slipped between his legs from behind and Fiona was lightly tickling and scratching his scrotum. She had sneakily removed her clothes and he could feel her furry mound and soft, round breasts pressed against his buttocks and back.

The hotel is hosting a psychotherapy conference. Unfortunately, the chairman of the proceedings, Professor Koch has been hypnotised by Kirsten, the Danish chambermaid, and is now being forced to masturbate in public and Randy Andy the Scots handyman has joined him on stage. Meanwhile, in the dining room, Maria, the 58-year-old housekeeper with a penchant for black puddings, is fighting 18-year-old waitress Fiona for a real live black pudding whose twelve inch length is attached to Loftus, an American expert on impotence who most definitely doesn't suffer from it himself. Now read on . . .

"You bitch!" the waitress screamed. She flung her naked body on top of the housekeeper's partly clothed one and tugged at her hair. Maria yelled loudly and struck out at her rival. Loftus' hand began to



speed up and down his shaft.

Suddenly, a torrent of brown, muddy sludge descended on the fighting women.

"That should cool you alley cats down," snorted Louis, the fat, filthy chef. He had recently deflowered Maria and was now jealous and angry to see her about to be fucked by another man so soon afterwards.

The sight of the two women covered from head to foot in yesterday's cold soup might have amused Louis, but it had a totally different effect on Loftus. His cock began to twitch and pulsate as he watched the messy goo dripping from their bodies, running down their faces and greasing their thighs. He had never felt so turned on in his whole life and he didn't need psychotherapy to explain why he suddenly lost control and spurted streams of come over them as they lay gasping on the floor, the white liquid mingling with the brown as if they'd been daubed by some crazy artist.

Watching his dick lose its shape and stiffness, Fiona said sadly, "So it's quits. Both of us lost out, eh?"

"Looks like it. I think we'd better have a shower," observed Maria, "coming?"

"I think I am. Mon

Dieu!" gasped Louis, his chopper in his hand. Clasp her clothes to her with one hand, she clutched the housekeeper's arm with her other and hurried her out before they received another spunky drenching.

Talking of spunk, cheers and applause were ringing round the conference room as Andy vied with Koch to see who could spurt the farthest: and most copiously. Cindy, who had seen both men in action, had no doubt that Andy would win. Those on the front row were already preparing to duck.

Kirsten was satisfied with her prowess at hypnotism. It was her success at mesmerising the Professor with the aid of a book she had got out of the library, that had caused the bewildered man to haul out his hairy phallus in public and demonstrate his wanking technique.

"SHE STEPPED IN FRONT OF LOFTUS AND BEGAN CARESSING HER BREASTS..."



She gave him a smug smile and, clutching her instruction manual, began stealing out of the room. Now that she had had her revenge on Koch for hypnotising her a couple of days earlier, when he had seduced her in the gym and wanked all over her feet, she was desperate to see if she could work her mischief on someone else... someone she really did want to screw. Jeremy, the manager of

the hotel was her quarry. She had seen him leave the room earlier and felt sure she would find him sulking in his office.

She paused in the doorway until she could catch Koch's eye. Having done so, she shouted a few well-practised words, made a pass with her hands and left, grinning broadly, knowing what the effect of releasing him from his trance would be...

Cindy's husband Wayne was not in the conference room. He had no desire whatsoever to hear his wife's views on voyeurism, the delights of which, in his relative innocence, he had never understood. All he wanted was to find Tracy the telephonist and stir her creamy slit one more time with his rigid three inches. Unfortunately, while he lingered vainly in Reception, the object of his desire was having both her oral and her vaginal lips fucked by the identical twins, Neil and George.

No-one was around, not even Helen, receptionist and resident blow-job queen. Taking a chance, Wayne lifted the flap and stepped onto the staff side of the counter. Over in the corner was the seat upon which Tracy perched her cute, tight little bum whilst working the switchboard. The tall Californian took another look round. The coast was clear. He bent, lowered his nose over the grey cloth and took a long, lingering sniff.

Aaah! The faint aroma of sweat, musk and the ocean was more heady and exciting than the dearest perfume. Wayne's perky little prick twitched inside his boxer shorts. He took one more sniff, committing the erotic scent to memory, then darted back to his rightful side of the reception counter. Just in time, too, for Gloria, who had been ordered

'HE WATCHED THE MESSY GOO DRIPPING FROM THEIR BODIES...'



by Jeremy to remain at her post in the beauty salon in case any clients who weren't part of the psychotherapy contingent required her services, came by on a bored stroll.

Wayne, spotting the blonde, busty beauty, grinned his dreamy, white-toothed grin and, in his best surfer drawl, said, "Well, hello there!"

Gloria raised a well plucked eyebrow, "Hello yourself."

"And what do you do around these parts, babydoll?" enquired Wayne.

"Give me half a chance and I'll show you," thought Gloria, committing every woman's mistake of

computing the size of the member as being proportional to the size of the man. Wayne was



"Oh... wax legs, give massages, that sort of thing," said Gloria, her eyes straying speculatively to the fly of Wayne's jeans.

"Massages, huh? Now that's something I'd pay good US greenbacks for right now —"

"And it so happens I'm not booked. Come right along with me," Gloria held out her hand to Wayne, who took it like the big, dumb kid he was at heart.

Just then, an extremely annoyed Jeremy appeared out of his mahogany panelled office. His eyes took in the vision of the woman he thought of as his private property skipping off down the corridor with some American hick in baseball shirt and Levis in tow, and his temper flared.

"Gloria!" he snapped, "in my office now. Your client will have to wait." "Ah, there you are!" a new voice interrupted, a deep, husky feminine one with a pronounced Scandinavian accent. Kirsten had tracked down her prey.

It was just the moment she had been waiting for, when most of the hotel guests and staff were crammed shoulder to shoulder in the conference room watching the wanking contest.

She had no need of her book as she had already practised how to do it enough times. Making three passes of her hand in front of his face, she intoned the words she had learned. To his amazement, Jeremy felt the blood rush to his cock. Within seconds, an enormous erection had grown inside his pin-striped trousers, pushing out the front of them as if he had a milk bottle arranged horizontally between his thighs.

"My God!" he said, bewildered, watching his hand unzip his fly.

Gloria's eyes were popping as Jeremy's long, thin broomhandle shot out of his trousers and twitched violently. Kirsten smiled. Then her eyes, too, grew round in surprise. The hotel manager's manhood wasn't the only one on

"Arrest these men!" ordered the inspector. "No! I didn't mean us! It was I who made the call," Jeremy protested vainly as handcuffs jangled and clinked. The commotion gave Kirsten a chance to speed off in the direction of the

"MY GOD!" HE SAID BEWILDEREDLY, WATCHING HIS HAND UNZIP HIS FLY...



show. Her hypnotic passes had been performed rather too close to the face of Wayne and now he, too, was under the Danish girl's influence.

Two right hands grasped two stiffies — and this was the sight that greeted the local inspector of police as he rushed in ahead of his squad, in response to the call Jeremy had made ten minutes earlier complaining of indecent exposure on the stage of the conference hall.

conference. She had to warn them. She didn't give a damn about Professor Koch but she didn't want to think of Randy Andy's whopper behind bars. It would cause too much grief to too many women, including herself... Will every male member of the Paradise staff be clapped behind bars? Clapped by the audience? Catch the clasp? Find out in the final episode of Paradise Hotel in next month's Knaves.

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looked thicker now and her cunt was stretched really tightly around it. He began a vigorous fucking movement, which moved Hazel up and down on the sheets. She gasped and squealed, crying out for him to take it easy. His cock was being drawn almost right out of her cunt and I could see his huge black dome between her gasping flaps. He was driving it back in with such force juices were being expelled from her cunt like a spray. It was obvious he wasn't going to last long that first time, after all she had had him worked up and hard for over two hours. It wasn't surprising he was losing control. His balls went tight and sunk into their sockets.

Then he was grunting as he plunged his jerking cock up to the hilt in her willing cunt, spewing out a great



Did you hear the one about the extremely sexy and attractive new air-hostess?

She was summoned before her superior, who told her: "I heard about yesterday when all the male passengers were feeling ill, one after the other, Miss Brown. I think you'll find that you have fewer problems in future if you stick to your training instructions and when a male passenger feels sick or like fainting, you stick their heads between their own legs!"

amount of spunk into Hazel's belly. I began tossing myself as he pulled out his limp cock. The smell from her cunt was overpowering, it had never smelt of spunk like that before. She held her vagina open, her cunt was full of frothy spunk bubbles. I'd never known so much spunk to be pumped from a man's cock before, it was everywhere.

I could see Ken's cock was solid again and he rolled her onto her knees, lifting her bum right up and taking her from behind. She squealed with the shock and power of

was pushed to and fro, whimpering.

The feel of her stocking and suspender combined with the soft warm flesh of her thigh soon had me coming, and I spunked up her leg. But Ken went on and on, he was like a human fuck machine. Hazel was being pushed around the bed, her mouth hung open and she shook uncontrollably. He held out for nearly an hour before letting himself come. Hazel lay there, her bum in the air, spunk oozing from her cunt, she was whimpering as she shook and twitched. She'd just had the fucking of a lifetime and she

his penetration. I slid myself in under her writhing body so my face was just inches away from his gleaming black cock as it went in and out of her cunt.

I had to crawl out when Hazel cried out and collapsed on top of me. I lay beside her pushing my cock up against her thigh as she



There used to be a time when folks placed bets on Keith Richards to be the next rock 'n' roller to snuff it. But he confounded the odds by hangin' on in there. Now Guns & Roses' frontman Axl Rose has picked up Keith's old crown and become the Prince of Debauchery and Death. The young man certainly courts the grim reaper with some aplomb. Of course, there are those who think that he's popped his clogs already, and that this photo clearly shows that hell is full and the dead really do walk the earth.

**KNIGHT
LIFE**

was going to get more as I could see Ken hadn't finished with her yet. That night was a very long night for both of us.

As I've said, Ken's moved in with her now, and she's ended up in the club. Hazel's completely destroyed our marriage, not that she's worried about it, as I still pay the bills. But I'm into the bottle now as it's the only

way I can stop myself tossing myself off to her. I get blind drunk and fall asleep.

Don't let your wife live out her fantasies, or your's come to that. You'll end up like me a slave to her whims as I am to Hazel's. A broken man. - J., Buckinghamshire.

Copious Copier Coupling

Stuck behind my office desk, I must normally be content with the role of voyeur, surrounded as I am by an abundance of attractive young female staff. Tits jog lightly under crisp white blouses, grey skirted backsides swing provocatively past. On the occasion of which I write, however, I became rather more involved.

There was one young lady who had particularly caught my eye. Gillian, she was called. Blonde, about 20, with the faintest suggestion of tartiness in the way she walked, talked on the phone and licked envelopes. One morning I looked up from my work as she came past my desk. Our eyes met for a second - in that instant I read the most unashamed sexual invitation in her cool clear complexion. I stared after her as she walked towards the photocopying room, her hips swaying sexily. My disbelief was quickly overtaken by an urgent desire to take up her unspoken invitation. There were papers on my desk which needed copying - picking them up, I walked across the office towards the photocopying room.

My luck held - apart from Gillian, there was no-one else in the room. I closed the door behind me. She was sat on the largest photocopying machine. Her skirt was pulled up around her waist, and the flesh of her buttocks was pressed against the glass. "Watch this," she said, pressing the start button. A band of light slid beneath her, illuminating the soft roundness of her thighs. A second later, a colour copy slid out of the machine. "Come here - look at me," she giggled, showing me the copy. Pale, knickerless flesh filled the image. The pink, moist lips of her cunt were squashed obscenely open.

She slid forward off the machine, leaving a smear of her juices on the glass. Pressing herself against me with animal intensity, and laying

KNAVE classified KNAVE KNAVE KNAVE

Massage

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COVENTRY MESSAGE Natasha (0203) 712016.

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B'HAM VISITING massage service, to your homes or hotels. Shelly 021-622 4372.

YASMIN: Tall and sexy, leggy brunette, to ease away your stressful day. Call Bath (0225) 338771.

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COUPLE THIRTIES seek similar/ male for sexy fun. Hants/Berks. Box G1128.

OVERGROWN COLLEGEBOY 28 required strong lady. Box G1140.

MALE (34) North East, wants ladies any colour, pregnant, busty for photos. Box G1131.

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PENPAL MAG for lonely people. Approval copy from: Matchmaker, (E80), Chorley, Lancs.

MALE 25 seeks AC/DC ladies for fun/games, housewives/couples looking for excitement. Lancs/Anywhere ALA. Box G1137.

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We shall forward your reply to the advertiser. Do not enclose money or documents when writing to box numbers. The box number service that we offer is for first contact only. All subsequent correspondence must be directly between the parties concerned. All Galaxy Box Numbers begin with "G" any other box should be sent directly to the address printed in the advertisement.

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COUPLE late 20s wish to exchange photos letters with view to meeting. Middx. Box G1141.

COUPLE with large video collection wish to meet similar for video exchange and socialising. Box G1142.

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Signature:

Write your advertisement here: one word per box please in block capitals:

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EROTIC PHOTOSETS Teen and twenties, female and male, uniform, gymnasts, continental, baby oil, bathroom scenes. For sample photos send £3 (£3 deductible from 1st order) to: Arcadia Studios (F), 55 Derby Road, Croydon CR0 3SF.

Singles, couples contact newsletter first advert free: SAE. Box G1146

FREE ADULT VIDEOS!!! SAE, details — BCM 1719F, London WCIN 3XX

ADULT PHOTOCSETS

Singles — duos — couples — shaven — lovely mature ladies
Randy housewife and friends have explicit continental photosets for all your tastes
Send 56 for 20 girl sample to
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Gorgeous young housewife has a large collection of delightfully intimate photos. List includes shaven shots, mature wives, upskirts, DD boots and specialist underwear items.
Just send SAE 6" x 4" min size envelope + 3 X loose stamps for lavishly illustrated list and sample picture.
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We stock only the very best, individually selected, explicit continental videos.
Send only £14 or YOUR 1! hour sample video and list, state VHS or Beta, p&g FREE.
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Completely unforgettable

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LIVE

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JUICY LIPS 0836 404 809
DARK BUSH 0836 404 822
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GOBBLE ME UP 0836 404 799

PUSSY WANTS FEEDING 0836 405 850
READY FOR A CLIMAX 0836 405 851
DEEP ORAL 0836 405 852
BANKOK GIRLS 0836 405 853
HORNY WIVES 0836 405 854
SWALLOW IT ALL 0836 405 855

THESE CALLS ARE SEXUALLY EXPLICIT AND MAY OFFEND SOME CALLERS

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YOUNG SHAVERS CLUB 0836 404 886
I'VE BURST MY BRA 0836 404 821
BLOW GIRLS CLIMAX 0836 404 728
MY STOCKINGS ARE WET 0836 404 728

CREAMED STOCKINGS 0836 404 726
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We're hot, we're horny

Will give you the ultimate climax

For a live chat call Becky & Mandy

0831 210000 Alone or together

LIVE!!! PRIVATE CONVERSATIONS WITH SEXY LADIES ON

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CALL NOW THIS IS NOT A RECORDING

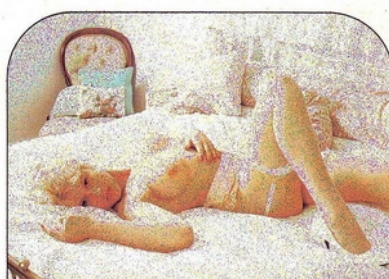
RANDY WIFE NEEDS SEETING TO! 0836 404 888

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MIDNIGHT 0836 404 712

CALL ME

Couples & single ladies required for European video and stills work. No UK exposure: Confidential applications to Box G1145.

0860-822087 MS STERN



You've tried the rest... now try the best.
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0898 668 660 GAYS NO DRESS CODES
0898 668 660 COUPLES FOR COUPLES
0898 668 661 LESSBIAN CALL
0898 668 667 RUBBER, LEATHER
0898 668 669 BOOTBOY SKINHEAD
0898 668 600 TRANSVESTITE
0898 668 601 GAY FETISH
0898 668 602 SMOOTH/HAIRY
0898 668 603 LEATHER, DENIM, RUBBER, SPORTS
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To leave your own FREE PERSONAL MESSAGE call FREEPHONE 0800-282 398

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COLLEGE GIRL TEASE
0898 884 280
OBSCENE POSITIONS
0898 884 281
PHONE-A-GROIN! XXX
0898 884 282
WICKED WANTING WORDS
0898 884 283
DISGUSTING DESIRES-I'LL
DO WHATEVER YOU LIKE!
0898 884 284
LET MY FINGERS DO IT
0898 884 285
HOT LEATHER &
6"STILETTOS 0898 884 286
BANANA PANTIES-
GET IT OFF! 0898 884 287
DO THE DIRTY ON ME
0898 884 288
DO IT TO ME ON THE PHONE
0898 884 289



hear me do it over the phone! 0898 323 432
let me talk you through it... 0898 323 433
I'm playing with myself... 0898 323 434
what more could a girl want?! 0898 323 437
me & my dirty mags... 0898 323 438
why I don't need a man... 0898 323 439
join me while I do it! 0898 323 435
finger licking fun! 0898 323 430
lets talk dirty...! 0898 323 436
solo seduction
0898 323 431



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NEW!
THE LATEST
SEX PRACTICE
DENMARK DIAL
DON'T MISS IT!

BUSTY BLONDE & BEGGING FOR YOU! 0898 323 440

BIG BOOB DELIGHT
0898 323 441
COME INTO MY SEX
WORLD 0898 323 442
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I'VE DONE 0898 323 443
HE GAVE IT TO ME
GOOD 0898 323 444
XXX-RATED BOOB
SPECIAL 0898 323 445
DRESSED TO THRILL IN
LEATHER AND LACE
0898 323 446
I TEASED AND TOLD
0898 323 447
VERY PERSONAL
SECRETS 0898 323 448
SLEAZY SLUTS
0898 323 449



EXTREMELY
EXPLICIT...
XXX-RATED...
DIAL NOW!

NAUGHTY GIRL'S UNDERWEAR "...bet your wife won't do this!"

DEMANDING
DESIRES-0898
323 410
LADY DRESSES
DIRTY-0898
323 411
BAD GIRL TRIES
IT LIVE!-0898
323 412
I'LL WEAR THEM
FOR YOU-0898
323 413
HOT KNICKERS
0898 323 414

WARNING!
These lines contain
explicit information
over 18's only-dial
at your own risk!

WELL WORN
UNDIES-0898
323 415
DREAM & DIS-
GUSTING! 0898
323 416
SANDY'S STOCK-
INGS-0898
323 417
UNDIES EROTIC!
0898 323 418
LET ME DESCRIBE
IT TO YOU-0898
323 419

GIRL TO GIRL

Strap-on surprise
0898 323 428
Cheryl & Louise
0898 323 424
Hot girl chat
0898 323 425
XXX-rated line
0898 323 429
Lip-line lust
0898 323 427

Femme I feel...
0898 323 420
Girl-to-girl
hot-line!!!
0898 323 421
Licking Lisa
0898 323 423
All girl party
0898 323 426



RATED!

LIPS TO LIPS...!
DIAL IF YOU DARE!
0898 323 421

DENMARK DIAL, P.O. BOX 272, LONDON SW11.
CALLS 33p PER MIN. CHEAP RATE.
44p ALL OTHER TIMES. 4009M/A

LIP~LINES

SUCKING SUSIE ON
0898 323 400
LOLA LICKS IT
0898 323 401
LICK THE LENGTH!
0898 323 402
HOT-HEADED!!!
0898 323 403
IN MY MOUTH
0898 323 404
SUCKED DRY!
0898 323 405
I'LL LICK MY FINGERS
0898 323 406
XXX-RATED SEX
0898 323 407
TONSIL TEASER
0898 323 408
HOT LICKER
0898 323 409

These lines contain EXTREMELY EXPLICIT
material and should not be dialled by the
easily offended. DIAL AT YOUR OWN RISK!

WARNING: EXTREMELY EXPLICIT
XXX STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY XXX

PENPOWER PLUS



her hand across my taut
crotch, she whispered in my
ear, "I want you to stick me
with your cock right now."
This lady had clearly laid
plans, and I was willing to
follow her orders, for the
time being, at least. Pushing
a filing cabinet against the
door, I turned to find she had
slid out of her skirt and
blouse. Leaning back against
the photocopier, she pushed
her hips forward, offering her
glistening slit. Hastily dropping
my pants and pulling
off my shirt, I stepped across
to her. Pressing my solid
cock against the soft warmth
of her belly, I pulled her to
me. She gasped, her firm
nipples squashing against my
chest and her wetness against
my thigh. As we kissed, she
rubbed herself against me,
groaning with pleasure as
her soaking fanny slid up and
down against my thigh
muscle.

She pulled away from our
tongue-probing kiss, and slid
down to her knees. My cock
twitched and stretched to
bursting point as I felt her
warm breath on its tip. After
an instant of unbearable
anticipation, her sweet lips
closed over the purple dome,
a stiff, exploring tongue
excited electric waves of
pleasure. Taking handfuls of
her hair, I worked her head
up and down, fucking that
exquisite face. After a minute
of this, I felt the pressure
building at the base of my
cock. Much as I would have

enjoyed spitting a thick wad
of jism into the back of her
throat, I decided to respect
her earlier request for a
dicking.

Drawing her back upright,
I pushed her back across the
photocopier, so that she lay
across the glass, with her
legs splayed and draped
across my shoulders. The
thick, musky odour of her
sex filled my nostrils. She
was panting with lust. "Oh
God - go down on me,
make me ready for your
cock. Oh yes, yes..." Pressing
my lips against her swollen
fanny, I tasted rich
female cream. She arched
her back, moaned loudly and
thrust herself into my face as
my tongue deftly searched
her folds and crevices, teasing
her clit, and pushing
deeper into the moist cavity.
I reached forward and
kneaded her tits, her sweat-
ing body heaving, then jerking
urgently as she climaxed.

Straightening up, I leant
forward and took each
nipple in my mouth, tweaking
it gently with my teeth.
By now she was desperate
for a good shuffling. Her neat,
secretary's face was flushed
and gleaming with sweat.
Damp strands of hair stuck
to her forehead, her mouth
gaped erotically as she
panted and moaned.

Positioning myself carefully,
I placed the end of my
knob against her cunny lips.
Instinctively, she thrust
down on it, and I felt my
entire length slide up to the
hilt in her greedy flesh. I
lifted one of her legs, bringing
both down on one side,
so that she was forced to roll
over whilst still skewered on
my cock. As she sprawled
belly down across the photo-
copier, I took a firm grip on
her haunches and began a
steady, measured thrusting,
slapping against her but-
tocks. She grunted with each
stroke, totally absorbed in
her own pleasure. Pretty
soon I felt a warm surging in
my loins. Gillian too was
thrusting with increasing
abandon. Gasping and heav-
ing, we reached a near-sim-
ultaneous climax. With a

JOKER

This woman picks up a
bloke in a pub and they
end up back at her
house. Much groping and
kissing ensues, the
moment of truth arrives,
but the lady refuses to go
to bed with the man.

"Why not?" asks the
distracted fellow.

"The next man I screw,"
says the girl matter-of-
factly, "will drive a sports
car and have a ten inch
cock."

So, getting up rather
carefully to avoid
breaking anything in his
trousers, the man goes to
the door, saying: "I'll be
back."

The following day, the
girl is just about to leave
when her doorbell rings.
She opens up the door to
discover her man
standing outside in front
of a gleaming red Ferrari
Testarossa. "I've got the
car," states the man,
"and as for that ten inch
dick thing, well, my
doctor says he can cut
that down to almost any
size you like."

A Mole On The Hole

I've just read through
Vol. 22.8 and I want to
complain. You see, I'm
into moles and birth-
marks. My main joy is
in looking at girls with
such items on their
bodies. The only flesh
mark I could find in the
whole of Vol. 22.8 was
just below Alison's left
tit. Which is an excit-
ing position for a sex
spot (as I call them),
but it was so small and
pathetic. I only just
about managed to
have a wank over it.
Please, please, please,
please, more horny big
moles!! - C.S., Derby.

violent release, I squirted a
month's accumulated juice
deep into her body. As she
convulsed with pleasure, her
hand gripped the control
panel. There was a deep whin-
ing, and a warm bar of light
moved underneath her. A second
later, a perfect photocopy
of her climaxing body
impaired on my engorged
prick, slid out of the machine.

She was delighted, of
course. Afterwards, she told
me that the shafting and the
warmth from the photocop-
ier light source had given
her the best orgasm ever. We
have not been able to repeat
the performance since, but I
treasure the - photographic
evidence, let us say - as a
reminder of our unique en-
counter. - M.M., London.

THE HIGHEST HONOUR

Wars will always produce heroes. Men and women who act without thought for their own safety to achieve a victory, however small. But heroes need to be rewarded, their acts given recognition so the public and their fellow servicemen and women can appreciate the effort made. BRIAN O'HANLON investigates Britain's own heroes, those awarded the Victoria Cross.

The Victoria Cross was instituted in 1856, but was made retrospective to the Autumn of 1854 to cover the period of the Crimea War when Britain and France fought against Russia. It was a war which lasted two years until concluded at the Peace of Paris. It is remembered mainly for the gallant charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, and for the atrocious deficiencies of Britain's doctoring in the field, and the state of the hospitals themselves.

Queen Victoria instituted

the VC at the age of 35 in the eighteenth year of her reign. Forty years of peace had resulted in a considerable deterioration in the command, organisation, and administration of the Army. Many senior generals were far too old for active command in the field, and many were temperamentally unsuited or lacking in experience, owing to the system of purchase of promotion and command which paralleled the nation's 'Rotten Boroughs' in politics.

Brigadier Sir John Smyth

Bt., himself a holder of the Victoria Cross, puts his finger firmly on the problem, in his bible on the subject, (*The Story Of The Victoria Cross*), when he writes, "When the war started things went well enough, but it was not long before the Queen and the nation realised that solemn moments and hearty cheers were not enough to repair the ravages and neglect of forty years of peacetime parsimony. The Navy was sadly under strength and the Army command too diffuse to unify and

control a situation which was soon to be complicated by bad luck as well as bad organisation."

Victoria was very concerned for the welfare of her troops; her soldiers and sailors in the field of battle. As early as November 30th, 1854 in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, her Secretary of State for War, she urged the early issue of a Crimean medal, with clasps for Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol, and all other encounters.

When the Crimean campaign ended in March 1856

Her Majesty had been busy designing the 'Victoria Cross' having marked with an 'X' the one she wanted from those submitted two months earlier. Its motto would be *For Valour*, rather than 'For The Brave', as had been intended. Prince Albert had persuaded her that the latter might be construed as only those who were deemed brave have the Victoria Cross.

The first VCs were gained by Royal Navy personnel in the Baltic. The first was won by Mate Charles Lucas, a 20 year old Irishman from Clontarf, Co. Monaghan.

Sir John Smyth writes: "On June 21st, 1854 the British Fleet was bombarding the fortress of Bomarsund which

mounted a formidable armament of eighty guns. As the range shortened the fire became hotter and a live shell fell on the *Hecla*. Lucas at once picked it up and hurled it into the sea where it exploded with a terrific roar. He was promoted to Lieutenant from that very day. Lieut. Lucas was decorated by Queen Victoria on June 26th, 1857, and eventually rose to the rank of Rear Admiral. He died on August 7th, 1914 at Tunbridge Wells at the age of eighty."

Lieut. John Bythesea, son of a Bath clergyman, and Stoker William Johnstone were serving aboard HMS *Arrogant*. They gained their awards for great bravery and initiative in

landing on the island of Wardo and intercepting mail and despatches intended for the Russian general. It was real cloak and dagger stuff. The two lay hidden for days and at one time disguised themselves as Finnish peasants. After twelve days Johnstone, who spoke Finnish, learnt of the arrival of the mail and that it was to be guarded by five men. At midnight they waylaid this party, took three of them prisoners, and forced them to row out to the *Arrogant* with the mail. Bythesea, too, became a Rear Admiral, and also lived to a ripe old age, dying in London on May 18th 1906 at 79.

Without intending to take away one iota from the brav-

ery of the first three recipients of the Victoria Cross it has to be remembered that there were some people who were awarded it because of the lack of other forms of decoration at the time. The number of recipients of the VC in the Indian Mutiny, for example, was exactly the same as that of the Second World War. In those early days the VC and the DCM were virtually the only medals which could be won for gallantry in battle. After 1914 and onwards they were joined by the MM, DSO, MC, DSC, DSM, and DFC, but the VC remains impregnable as the symbol of supreme gallantry 'above and beyond the call of duty', to use the grand old phrase.



THE HIGHEST HONOUR

The youngest man to win the honour was Boy Cornwell who was 16 at Jutland in 1916. The oldest was Captain William Raynor of the Bengal Veteran Establishment. He won his VC at the Delhi Magazine, Indian Mutiny, on May 11th, 1857, at 69. The longest holder was the late Sir Lewis Halliday who won his on June 24th, 1900 in China.

The Victoria Cross Association, with Sir Winston Churchill as President, and Brigadier Sir John Smyth as Chairman, was formed in the centenary year of the award, 1956. In 1961 it was renamed The Victoria Cross and

got another VC at the Redan during the siege of Sebastopol.

Lindsay, a tall, good looking man by all accounts, was carrying the Queen's Colour at the Alma, and was attacked by large numbers of Russians. He rallied a party of non-commissioned officers and men which held their ground until the rest of the battalion came to their support. At the ensuing Battle of Inkerman, Lindsay once more displayed great courage when he charged a party of Russians at a critical moment, running one of them through the body. Lindsay, too, kept to the pattern of the times in long service to country and old age. He retired from the Army as a Colonel in 1859 and in 1865 was elected to Parliament as one of the three members for Berkshire. Given a peerage in 1885 he was Financial Secretary to the War Office between 1877-1880, and as Lord Wantage became a leading figure in the Volunteer Forces, dying the same year as his Sovereign in 1901.

"Lindsay displayed great courage when he charged a party of Russians, running one of them through the body."

George Cross Association. All members of an illustrious, but an inevitably rapidly dwindling band.

In the Crimea, an Allied force comprising of 24,000 French infantry, 6,000 Turks, 22,000 British infantry, with 10,000 units of the Light Brigade cavalry was landed at Gallipoli. On September 13th, 1854 they reached the Crimea without one single casualty from enemy action, but a large number of ghastly deaths from cholera. The Allies attacked the Russian positions on the Alma, comprising of 33,000 infantry and 3,700 cavalry, and dislodged them, suffering 2,000 losses to the Russians 6,000.

Six VCs were awarded for this action. Four were gained by the 1st Bn Scots Fusiliers Guards (later the Scots Guards) of the 1st Division on September 20th, 1854. They were won by Brevet Major Robert Lindsay, Sergeant James McKechnie, Private William Reynolds, and Sergeant John Knox. The last named was promoted to Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade and

Lieut. Luke O'Connor of The Royal Welsh Fusiliers gained his gong for gallantry at the Alma, too, on September 20th, 1854, and the assault on the Redan on September 8th the next year. At the Alma he took the Queen's Colour from the hands of a mortally wounded brother officer and planted it on the redoubt, although wounded himself, and continued encouraging his men. He was shot through both legs on the Redan, saw service in the Indian Mutiny under Sir Colin Campbell at the Relief of Lucknow, went with Sir Garnet Wolseley's expedition to Kumasi, and succeeded to the command of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers in 1884.

It all, perhaps, sounds rather Boys Own Paper-ish, and Flashman-like seen down the prism of 136 years, but it was about that time that Britain's Empire was reaching its greatest peak, when individuality still counted for a lot, even in the armed forces. Where there were plenty of opportunities for men to act on their own

initiative, perhaps more often than in today's safety first, micro-chip-in-battle-age.

Think of the names. Bythesea: What better title for a naval man? And Captain Edward William Derrington Bell, also of the 23rd regiment, the third to gain his VC that same day at Alma. Educated at Sandhurst from the age of 14, he joined the Army at 18 in 1842 and served right through the Crimean War: At the Alma, Inkerman, and the Siege of Sebastopol.

Derrington? Derrington do. Just listen. "At the Alma, seeing a Russian battery limbering up their guns, Captain Bell dashed forward on his own and captured one gun, complete with horses. This was a unique performance and having done it Captain Bell assumed command of his battalion, all senior officers having been killed or wounded. For his service in the campaign Captain Bell received the Crimean medal with three clasps and a mention in despatches in

addition to his VC."

There were just as much bravery displayed in the two world wars, Korea in the fifties, and more recently, the Falklands. But it is the style of the Crimean campaign that captures the imagination. The dashing young officer with the upper crust name, backed by the correct establishment credentials of Sandhurst, going into battle and never doubting for one moment his superiority to the enemy. How else could he have galloped straight at a Russian battery, captured a gun, and its full complement of horses, single handed? The mind boggles.

Let us leave the Crimea at its most infamous happening, The Charge Of The Light Brigade.

It should never have happened, and that it did, shows beyond doubt the incompetence of the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, and his aristocratic fellow officers. The British were taken completely by surprise just after dawn when huge enemy columns were seen advancing. No out-

posts or piquets had, of course, been posted.

As the Russians approached to within 400 yards, Lord Lucan, commanding the cavalry, ordered the Heavy Brigade to attack. In eight pulsating minutes The Greys, The Inniskillings, and the 4th Dragoons, supported by the 93rd Highlanders, drove four times their number of Russians from the field for the loss of only 78 killed and wounded.

Raglan sent a message to Lucan telling him to advance and recover the heights. Having been told that the Russians were about to withdraw taking captured Turkish guns, Lord Raglan sent a further order telling Lord Lucan he wished the cavalry to advance rapidly. By the time the message got through the situation had changed and the order meant nothing to Lucan. The messenger, a Staff college intellectual, Captain Nolan, whom the old guard Lucan heartily disliked, pointed with his sword, saying, "There, my Lord, is your enemy! There are your guns."

Lord Lucan, irritated and indignant beyond measure, at what seemed (and was) a taunt at his own courage, rode over to Lord Cardigan, and gave him the order which the latter understood to mean to charge the Russian guns 2,000 yards away. In fact, no clear order had been given to actually do that.

The Light Brigade charged, killed the Russian gunners who still remained at their posts, and even charged into the Russian cavalry beyond. It was there that the French general made his celebrated remark, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre!"

There were nine Balaclava VCs. There should have been one for every man who took part in that ill-conceived, and totally unnecessary carnage.

In contrast, the Battle of Inkerman, which took place ten days later on November 5th, 1854, has always been described as 'a soldiers battle'. British losses were 2,573, the French, 1,800, but the Russians left 4,000 dead on the field, and no less than 19 Victoria Crosses were awarded that day. Perhaps it's fitting when ending a series on heroes, to consider the men and women who didn't return from war.



Any Way You Want Me

Sex. It's a funny old business. After all, there are only a few ways of doing it without pulling a major muscle, or risking arrest or prosecution by ROSPA. Or are there? We asked ANALISE BOND to do some investigating...

The round of seasonal parties are with us again. I only seem to enjoy them if I'm manless at the time. It means I can cruise around, spot someone I fancy and take him home to bed with me. It was at Carol's bash last year that I met Frank.

I'd turned up with some of my girlfriends but left them so I could go cruising the house, eyeing up the talent. It was gone midnight and the whole place was throbbing. The kitchen was crammed with guys who seemed intent on staying glued to the floor until every available drop of lager had been consumed. They didn't interest me. I was dying for some naughties tonight, and the possibility of brewer's droop meant they were out of the running.

The front room consisted mainly of girls, dancing around their handbags, plus a few guys brave enough to dance while the kitchen would join them once they'd drunk enough courage.

One guy, hogging the centre of the room, was a real mover. I watched, mesmerized, as his body swayed to Soul II Soul's "Keep on Movin'". His bum! Watching it gyrating so erotically was giving me an ache in the cunny. My eyes willed him to swivel round and face me. I wanted to get a look at his naughty regions!

Adjusting the tiny straps of my tight black lycra dress, I inched over to him and began dancing sensuously by his side. As if by instinct, our bodies manoeuvred closer together.

A slow song came on next and I found myself grabbed into a tight clinch. Our legs wrapped themselves around one another and I could feel his huge hard-on. I pressed myself into that bulge.

"The name's Frank," he croaked into my ear, "er, d'you fancy finding somewhere quiet to slip away to?"

"You took the words right out of my mouth, Frank," I murmured back, "and I know just the place."

When we got upstairs to one of Carol's bedrooms, Frank's nerve seemed to suddenly desert him. The poor guy may have seemed all cocky, strutting around on the dance floor, but he needed my encouragement from then on.

I quickly stripped him of his clothing – tossing trousers, shirt and Y-fronts over my shoulder. Then I made Frank sit on the bed fully naked, resting his back against the headboard, whilst I tantalized him even further with

my striptease act.

I'd got it down to perfection. Inching my dress slowly up my thighs, I undid my stockings, rolled them down my legs and tossed them to Frank. My hands brushed against my thighs, moving upwards, sliding my dress up and over my hips and breasts, which weren't confined inside a bra. As they burst forth, Frank made a grab but I laughingly skipped out of his reach! I hadn't finished yet.

Next, I unclipped my suspenders. Finally, I made a big show of stepping out of my brief knickers. The whole 'act' took only minutes, but by the end of that time, Frank's pecker was standing up to attention!

I wanted things done *my* way and pushed his eager body back against the headboard. I needed

him sitting upright for a sex position I called the 'The Lapful'.

Clambering up on top of Frank, I lowered myself down on him, feeling that hunk of throbbing manhood slide easily into my wet cunny. From this starting position, just a twist or turn can give you loads more angles for making love.

Frank was really impatient. I

knew he was ready to shoot his love juice into me. I'd been priming him up since our gyrations on the dance floor. Holding me tightly around the waist, he pumped himself faster and faster into me whilst I had to hold on to his hips for dear life!

With a shout of anguish from him, I felt Frank ejaculate – but I wasn't sated yet. Grabbing his right index finger, I made him draw circles on my labia, whilst I used my internal muscles to keep a tight grip of his prick.

His gentle but frenzied rubbing was doing the trick. Great spasms were pulsating through me and I felt my hot

juices trickling out onto Frank's lap. In turn, I felt his penis coming to life again, swelling up inside my vagina.

As wave after wave overtook me, I hurriedly made Frank lie flat on his back. I wasn't going to waste another fat cock! I find that by bending forward and lowering my head till my face is on the bedclothes and between a guy's legs, I can achieve a totally different type of orgasm.

In this variation, though, it's important to keep a hand close to your cunt in case your guy's pecker pops out!

Keeping a firm grasp around my waist, Frank helped as I ground up and down, faster and faster, on his weapon. This position meant I could feel the whole length of his machine.



sliding in and out. He was ramming himself home, but I made it past the post first, squealing with delight.

Sitting upright again, I maintained a pulsating rhythm, riding Frank's iron machine until he delivered his creamy mixture inside me a second time.

Making love had given us both energy for the party. We must've danced till five in the morning. Then I took Frank back home to my place for breakfast. And I'm not talking about bacon and eggs!



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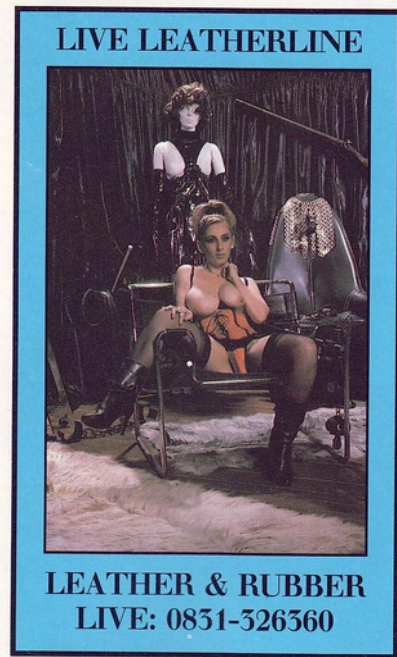
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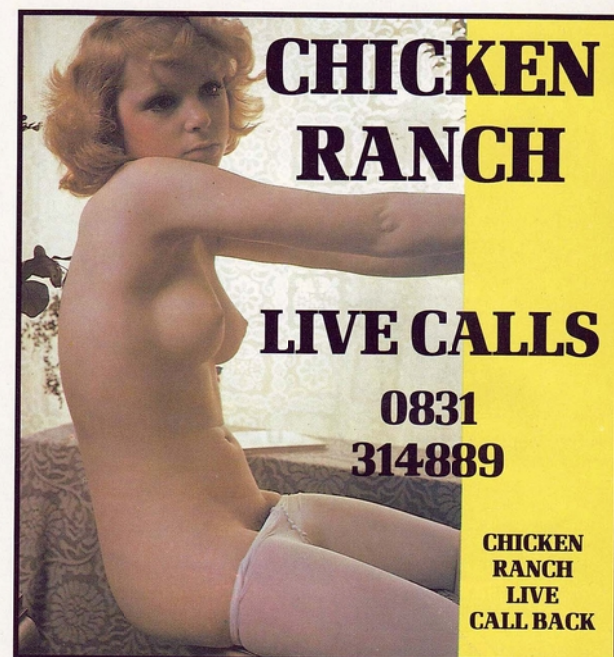
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Q: Do you have any simple advice for someone who isn't exactly turned-on by oral sex? I don't mind when he does it to me, but I feel badly because when he wants it back (fair enough), I don't want to! The problem is, I just hate the taste of it! I've tried spitting it out after he comes, but just having semen in my mouth: the taste, the consistency of it, makes my mouth pucker! I do love him, and want to make him happy — what can I do? — H.P., Ashford.

A: Two sure-fire suggestions, my love. First, try a condom (one without lubricant). It may mean more fervent sucking and general tongue work, if he feels his sensations are a bit dulled, but it's worth it. An added bonus: by the few moments longer it takes to get him fully aroused, his climax can be stronger. And speaking of sucking, try treating your friend's penis like a lolly. Friends who have been a bit squeamish, or simply don't like the flavour find great results when they've applied a good dollop of—well, the mind boggles! Honey. Or golden syrup. (one of my favourites). Champagne, (there's another!) Chocolate sauce or spread. Cheese that can be squeezed from a tube! Whipped cream! (I always get like this when I'm dieting). Browse through a gourmet shop and let your imagination wander. The point is to have some fun with it all. You may put on a few pounds (one squeak from him and he should be booted out of bed), but it's worth it!

Q: Bette, is there such a thing as a permanent erection? A mate at work tells me that his friend has one, but I think he's putting me on! — Tony, Hants. You lose, my sweet. Your

friend's friend is hardly the envy of the neighbourhood, unfortunately. It's called priapism, and it's not a constant sexual turn-on, but often a symptom of illness such as sickle-cell anaemia or leukemia, or a spinal cord injury or a blocking of blood outflow from the penis. And it's painful. I assume he's under a doctor's care...

Q: Is it natural to have one ball hanging lower than the other, or is it something I should be worried about? I've been so embarrassed, I'm afraid to have sex except in the dark. — R.E., Glasgow.

A: Flick the switch back on and relight the candles — you're perfectly normal. Both testicles don't hang in the same place — all the better to cool your sperm for survival, my dear! (Too hot and they're not happy at all). In fact, the left ball usually hangs lower, because the blood vessels that supply it are longer than those on the right. No balls-up from nature, this time!

Q: I don't know if I'm doing it wrong or what, but whenever I try to masturbate, my foreskin hurts. (I have not been circumcised). I don't think it's pulling back the way I think it should. — B.W., Wood Green.

A: Now. If you can't get an erection, my pet, your foreskin maybe just too tight. It often happens, and it's easy to fix. A trip to your GP's the next step; s/he will probably suggest a cut or a complete circumcision. It's painless, so don't fret. If you can get an erection, then it's possible you could have body tissue, due to inflammation, between your penis and the foreskin. GP again. To ease things, you might want to apply a bit of baby or vegetable oil as lubri-

cant, rolling the overlayer down (be gentle with yourself!) a little bit more each time — that'll help to stretch things slightly.

Q: My girlfriend and I have just begun having sex together. Each of us is the other's first. We're both having a wonderful time and can't get enough of each other! However, she has been complaining that her vagina is getting a bit sore, and I wonder if either I'm causing it, or there's something wrong with her. Is there any information you could give me? — S.C., Wolverhampton.

A: The vagina is certainly built well — vorsprung durch mother nature's technic, so to speak. It can handle repeated thrusting (I'm assuming you're not being a madman with a battering ram, in which case I doubt she'd still be in bed with you!) You may not be giving enough time to foreplay, so that she's sufficiently wet. Her flowing juices should provide all the lubrication that's necessary — if not, adding a little KY Jelly helps. Chances are, that should do it. If there's no joy, have yourselves checked out for genital infection, which could create soreness.

Q: I've just started seeing this woman, and things are going well. We've been very frank about each other's pasts, sexuality and other matters. I find her very sexy, and it would seem that she has a strong sex drive. She told me that she has more than one orgasm at a time, in fact, that it's not uncommon for her to have as many as ten! I'm not sure she's telling the truth, or, if she is, if I'll be able to measure up. I feel like it's a kind of challenge to me. — J.H., Derby.

A: If she's not telling the

truth, it may be she's trying to prove her sexuality — both skill and attractiveness — to you, you know. She might be feeling insecure about measuring up to what she imagines your past experiences have been! The more comfortable you become with each other, the more the tall stories will shrink to a realistic size.

If she's being truthful, then it's simply a lot easier for her to climax than it is for many women. With that degree of responsiveness, you won't have to worry about doing anything wrong! Your own sexual style should be enough. Until you're both in bed, though, since your conversations are so honest and open, you might subtly let her know that sex isn't down to performance, or to proving anything. You're not to worry about that, either.

Q: Can you settle a question for me? I've been reading those Victorian novels that always talk about a woman "spending". Do women ejaculate? — D.S., Scarborough.

A: Well, yes and no, curious one. When a woman gets excited, her vaginal walls secrete a lubricating fluid. (Of course, you've noticed this by now!) Sometimes when she has an orgasm, her muscular contractions can squeeze out some of the juice, but I wouldn't exactly call that an ejaculation. However, researchers have discovered that women do have glands similar to those in a man's prostate. Perhaps near the infamous G-spot, for one place. These apparently produce a fluid during sex which blends with the other fluid. Conclusion? Jury still out on that one. But that accounts for all that "spending". They certainly weren't describing their financial habits.

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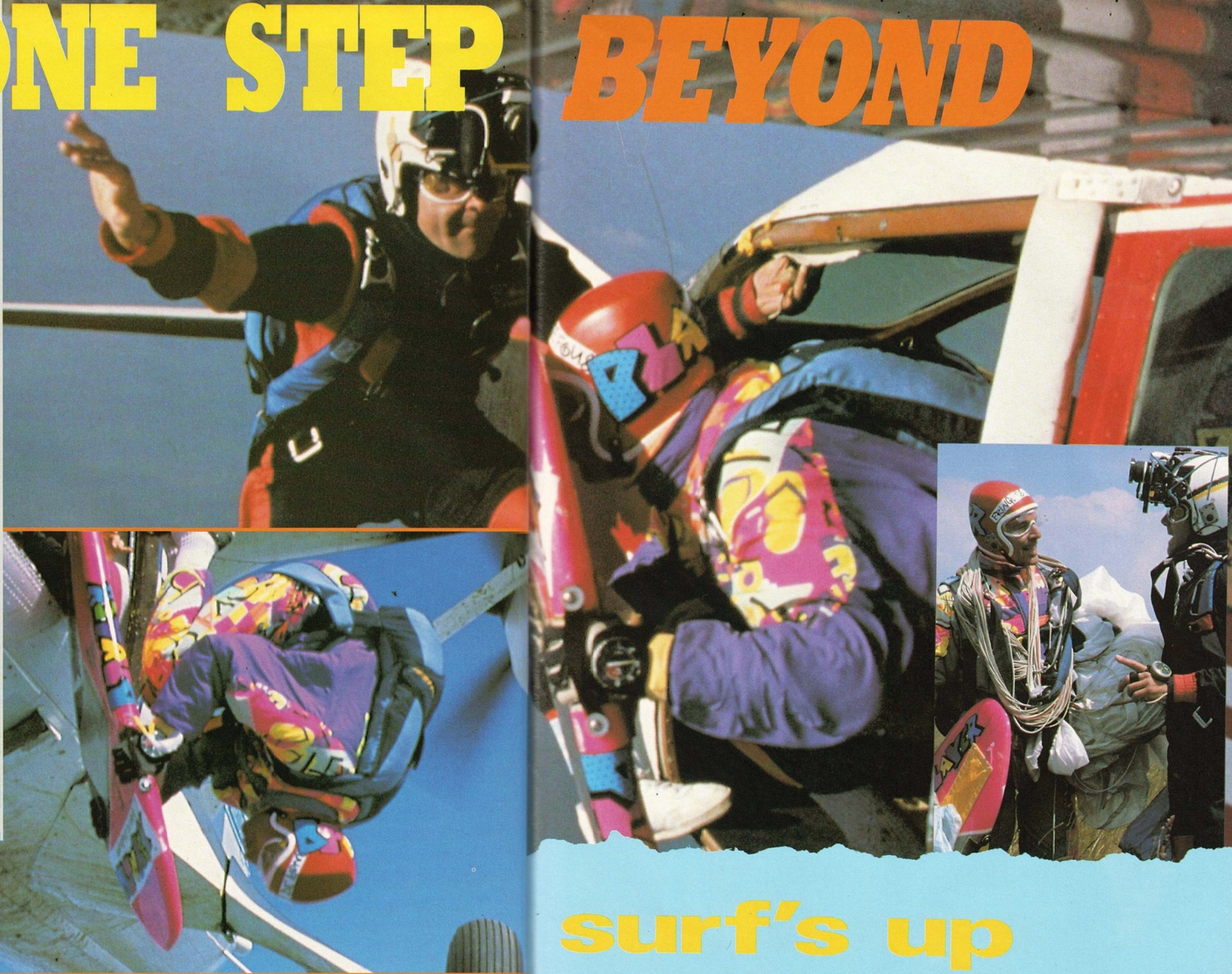
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ONE STEP BEYOND

For over ten years parachutists have experimented with various ways to achieve horizontal flight and prolong their jumps. Up until recently, jumpers could exert only the minimum of control over their horizontal movement once their chutes had opened — they could control their direction, but they relied on air currents to push them where they wanted to go.

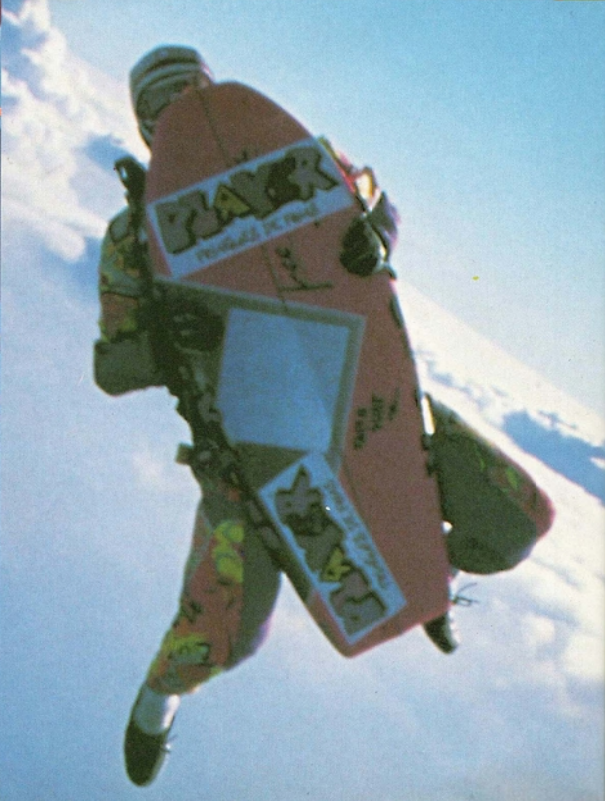
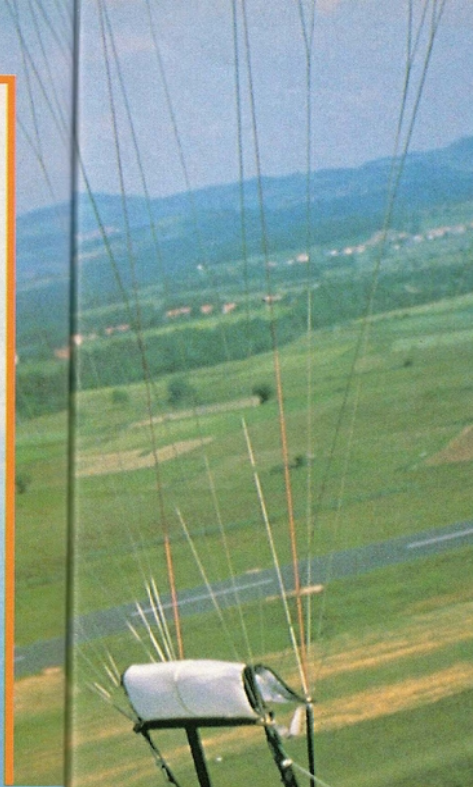
French parachutist Jean-Pascal Oron has been working on a project for six months which he hopes will solve the problem. His 'Superglider' looks set to revolutionise parachuting. Using an adapted surfboard fitted with a small chute which opens should the board fall, Oron literally 'surfs' on the air currents. The object of this new sport is to ride the board from the moment your chute opens, until a second or so before landing.

And to prove his super glider works, last autumn Jean-Pascal took a 'sky walk' of 27 kilometres, travelling at speeds of up to 50 k/ph before coming down to earth.



surf's up

ONE STEP BEYOND





May I try these bikinis on, please?

SERVICE WITH A SMILE

by Les Lilley

Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN

As long as you only have three garments, madam. The management only allow three garments in our changing room with each customer!

Let me know if you need anything else.

Thank you.

Not a bad ol' bod, even if I do say so myself.

I'm going away for a weekend with a gentleman friend, and I'd like to look my best.

Take all the time you need, we're not busy.

Bother! There's no hook to hang my stuff up! I'd better dump it on that chair.

Let's see if this little number will do anything to improve the way it looks.

Hmmmm... Clothes can be a bit of a drag when you realise you look better without them.

Wow! This thing's a bit skimpy! P'raps it'll leave less to the imagination.

Now, that is **ve-e-ry** nice!



HELP! I'VE BEEN
ROBBED!



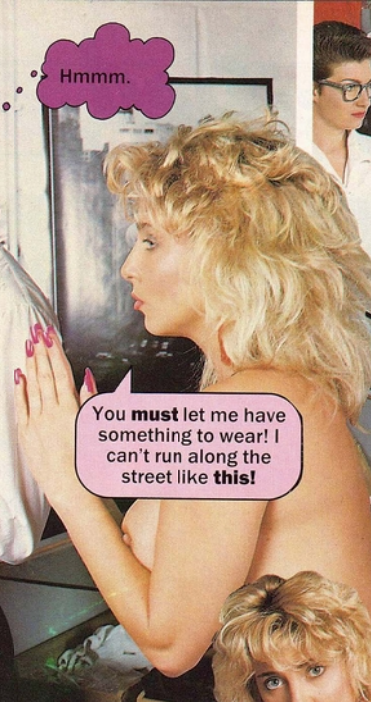
Was madam
requiring something?



I put my clothes and
my bag on that chair,
and they've GONE!



Hmmm.



You **must** let me have
something to wear! I
can't run along the
street like **this!**



Perhaps you would like
to use this.

Ulp!



Whimper! C-Can you
pup-please lend me
something to wear
while I report the theft
at the police station?



It sounds as if the
Phantom Filcher has
been at work, again.
You are the fifth
customer who's been
robbed, this month!
... I regret that the
management takes
no responsibility for
customers'
possessions!

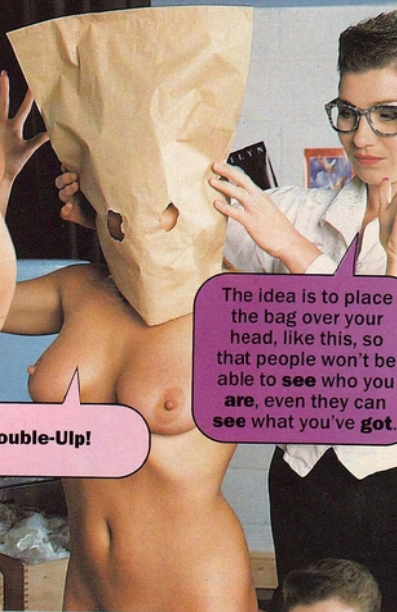
I'm sorry, but the
management would
fire me if I let any more
robbery victims wear
our stuff down to the
cop-shop! Our
underwear comes
back with the
fingerprints of
policemen all over it!



This doesn't even
begin to cover my
important little
places!



Double-Ulp!



The idea is to place
the bag over your
head, like this, so
that people won't be
able to **see** who you
are, even they can
see what you've got.



It can't be said that we
don't give service with
a smile in this
establishment, can it?
I'll bet the coppers will
get a darn' good smile
when they service
that one!



And it'll look really **dressy** with a **sun hat**!



May I see a really **glammy** nightdress, please?



Mmmmm . . . It's very **saucy**.



And it looks even **more** saucy with a cap! **Tee-Hee!**



I'm afraid our most **glamorous** nightdress is a little on the **expensive** side.



Yipe! A nightie that has knickers with a **tassel** at the front! It must be there to help pull them **down!**



Yep . . . I think I can just about afford the **G String** and these sheer silk overalls for **nightwork!**

BUT, WHILE THE GIRL MAKES UP HER MIND WHAT TO BUY, SOMEONE IS PURLOINING HER POSSESSIONS!



Ulp! Where are my **clothes**, and my **bag**?